U.S. OFFICIALS PROBE FILM MAGNATES' LIVES

MOVIE WEEKLY

MARCH 17, 1923

TEN CENTS

Why Temptations Beset Screen Stars
By Mabel Normand

The Girl Most Attractive to Me
By Eugene O'Brien

ANN PERDUE
Photo by GRENBEAUX

MOVIE WEEKLY
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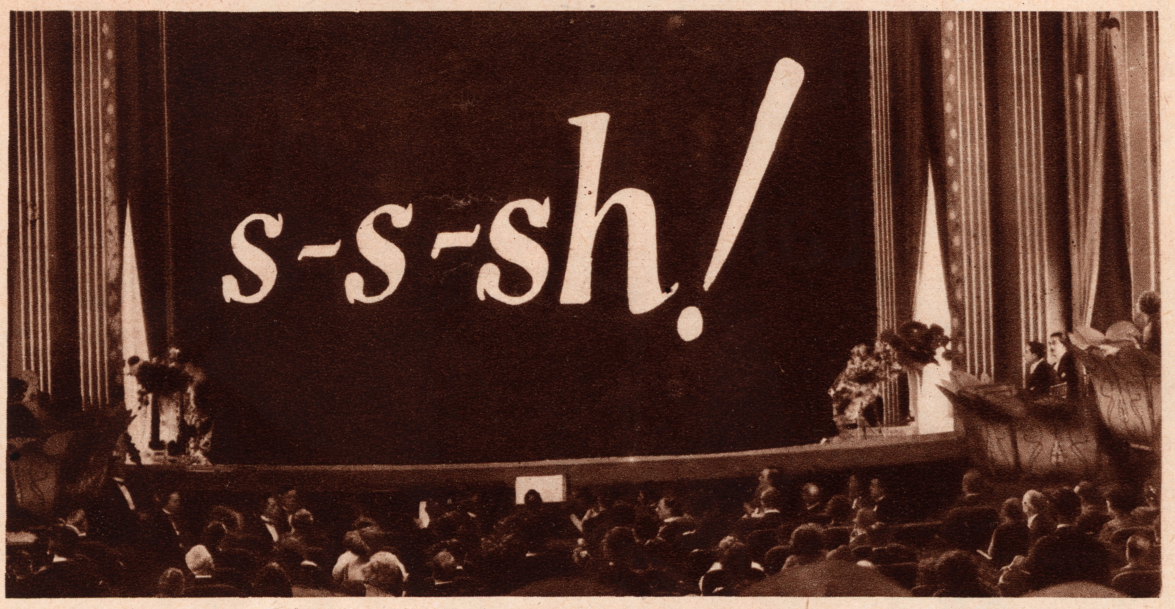

We Have a Secret

To tell the readers of "Movie Weekly." It is all about our next issue and our new editor, for the person who will step into the editorial chair of "Movie Weekly" for our next number and wield the blue pencil like a cavalry sabre is none other than JACKIE COOGAN, the best-loved boy in the world.

Isn't that a whale of a secret? The issue that Jackie will edit will be an all-star one, too, which will ring the bell with a bull's-eye the moment it is off the press.

Here is a whisper of its contents, and just picture for yourself how little Jackie will handle it.

Next week's issue will show in pictures and reading matter how Jackie Coogan came into the editorial office of "Movie Weekly" and edited the issue from cover to cover. It will be a new and unusually interesting assortment of reading matter on Jackie himself, as well as an exceptionally powerful array of articles on suggestions of vital interest to the fans.

Prominent among these will be "Is There a Ku Klux Klan in the Movies?"

And What's More

There will be "Why I Think Modern Dancing Is Perfectly Proper," by Mae Murray, as well as "Is a Screen Star's Husband a Help or a Hindrance?" by Leatrice Joy. Special stories by and on the young editor of "Movie Weekly" will be "Jackie Coogan As I First Knew Him" by Charlie Chaplin, and "How I Am Training My Father for the Movies," by Jackie, himself.

In this issue, which it is confidently predicted will establish a new record of reading and pictorial interest for the readers of "Movie Weekly," there have been gathered together all of the news, wit and human interest qualities that it has been possible to assemble at one time.

Unique Opportunity

In order to establish a record run for "Merton of the Movies," George C. Tyler, its producer, is offering to the readers of "Movie Weekly" a unique opportunity to demonstrate their capacity as press agents throughout the land. On page 31 of this issue will be found particulars of Mr. Tyler's offer.

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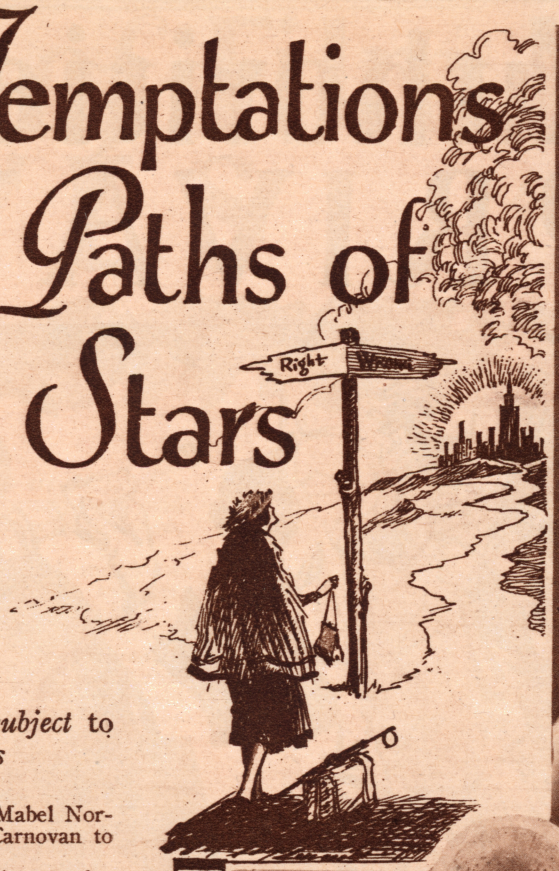
Why Temptations Beset Paths of Screen Stars



By
Mabel Normand
As related to Gladys Hall

Popular screen *comedienne tells* how *life of* film *star* is *subject* to constant *temptations*

IT TOOK us longer to see Mabel Normand than it took Lord Carnovan to see Tutankahmen.

He may not have seen him yet, for all we know, but we must have our little figure of speech!

When we phoned Mabel on an average of nine hours out of ten, we were told that:

Mabel was visiting the old folks at home down in sunny Staten Island; Mabel was week-ending it up in Westchester; Mabel was seeing friends off for Bulgaria. Mabel stands out in our minds for many notable things, but perhaps the *most* notable will always be that she had friends who were going to Bulgaria! It's so picturesque. Like a George Barr McCutcheon novel. Just what you might expect from Mabel out of all the world.

When we did eventually climb in to see her over innovation trunks and the gifts she had brought from London for all of her friends and all of her enemies (if she has any), we said to her without preamble:

"Do temptations beset the paths of the screen stars?

"Do naughty men make naughty, naughty love to them?

"Do little extra girls stray from the straight-and-narrow that they may wear giddy gloria-swansin gowns?

"Are there midnight parties with the wine god, Bacchus, as high host?

"Is it necessary, or even customary, for the Little Country Girl to reach stardom via the caresses of her—say—director?"

Now Mabel was about to leave for California any minute. She was considerably more concerned with time tables than she was with temptations, for which who can blame her? For if one misses a train one is definitely left behind. But if one misses a temptation there is always another one just around the corner.

Besides, the papers have just been printing All Sorts of Annoying Things About Mabel, chief among which being the report that while in London she had contracted matrimony with a middle-aged millionaire. Which Mabel emphatically denied to us.

AT ANY rate, we thought of all the screen scandals we could muster to mind and then we repeated, firmly: "*Why* do temptations beset the paths of the screen stars?"

"Because they're human, I suppose," said Mabel, absent-mindedly, talking on one telephone to Dr. Royal S. Copeland's secretary, on another wire to Another Notable and on other wires still to all the women in New York, we should deduce, all of whom were claiming to be her bosom friends and affirming that they would die or something if she didn't give them one teeny, tiny moment of her time before departing for the Coast and Mack Sennett and the making of "Mary Ann."

Mabel Normand, one of the foremost feminine laugh-makers on the screen, who has just returned from a sojourn abroad.

By the way, we have interviewed most of the Profession in our time, and to an extra, Mabel is voted the Most Popular Girl of them all. We have never heard a single member of her profession, and we don't mean the men, we mean the women, say one word against her, and we have heard every woman of them say a good many words for her. It is current knowledge in the cinema that Mabel is a regular human being, generous almost to a fault, always ready to help the fellow who is down, constantly doing those who have harmed her a good turn, loyal, forgiving, staunch and four-square. When women speak so of a woman there is truth in the offing!

"The screen," said *Miss Normand*, "is a clearing house for woman's beauty and man's power, and whenever these twain meet—Gossip's tongue will wag."

BUT TO get back to temptations:

"Of course there are temptations on the screen," said Mabel, "for the screen is a clearing-house for woman's beauty and man's power, and whenever these twain meet gossip's tongue will wag. But there are temptations everywhere, and I will say that there are more temptations in an average summer hotel, where people have all the leisure in the world for mischief, than there are on a studio lot. Leisure is the handmaid of danger.

"A girl in a business office encounters temptation. A society girl meets it everywhere. If there be temptations in a studio it is not because it is a studio, but because there congregate there youth and beauty and adventure!

"Of course, the majority of this stuff about girls in the movies drinking and carousing is hokum.

"In the first place, drinking and dissipation and late hours play the very devil with a girl's looks. Anyone photographs best in the early morning. I know I do. The result is that one has to be on the job early in the morning, looking one's best. One has to have a face that won't give the cameraman the collywobbles. Don't forget that the cameraman is quite as ambitious in his way as the star is ambitious in his or hers. He doesn't want to 'shoot' an 'all-night' variety of face and be blamed for bad photographic work. Well, two and two make eight, nine, or something like

(*Continued on page 29*)

Federal Authorities *start* PRIVATE

Following recent *story* in "*Movie Weekly*" U. S. Government *officials make* drastic *investigation* of screen *executives'* personal *affairs*

By T. *Howard* Kelly

THE stinging insult hurled at movie stars and players recently by producers and managers when they demanded that all actors' contracts contain a morality clause may yet prove a blessing in disguise. A storm of protest and indignation raged in the wake of this obnoxious demand which carried a very nasty implication against the character of every screen worker and aired the long suppressed belief that the employers of players have a major share in the immorality alleged to exist in the pictures. Today under cover of the strictest secrecy an official investigation has been launched to ascertain whether or not this belief can be substantiated by proof.

In a grave matter like this there is very little to be gained by covering the truth with a network of misleading words or statements. The facts are very plain and the sooner the fans and the general public understand what is at the bottom of this investigation the easier it will be for all concerned to appreciate the necessity for such a drastic step.

"Movie Weekly" is pledged to give its readers all of the available news pertaining to the industry and for this reason I feel similarly bound to come right out and discuss certain things in connection with this probe which may not look so very well in print.

IT has long been a current impression among people outside of the acting profession that the theater breeds a class of people with loose morals. If you do not quite grasp what I mean just remember the commotion that conventional, everybody parents raise when their son marries a chorus girl. As a general rule the very fact that she is an actress, in the chorus or in a good part make the parental thumbs do down on her. According to a similiar yardstick of measurement men in the profession are often judged as "good-for nothings," loafers and "fast."

The film industry is a great throbbing phase of the theatrical planet and for that reason it has inherited the alleged moral handicap of people in the theater. For years now the screen players have been universally abused and accused of leading sinful, immoral lives on a wholesale scale.

A scandal affecting one man and woman, or a small group of prominent people in the photoplay world has always been the signal for a scathing outburst of public denouncement against all film folks. Unfortunately, while the best and biggest element in pictures has always deplored these occasions which movie enemies never failed to publicise, they did not, for various reasons and circumstances, unite to refute the allegations so detrimental to their characters until recently when an organized fight was waged against the morality clause.

Up until this time the public had been contented to visualize the actors and actresses as the ones who are responsible for what ever immorality exists in the film colonies. Divorces, liquor drinking, dope-taking, murders, and the much discussed wicked night life of Hollywood have all been laid at the doors of the stars and players. But now that the players have spoken it has been necessary for Federal and State authorities the country over to realize that perhaps they have been on the wrong track in their efforts to "clean up the film industry." Stories emanating from substantial sources have emphatically indicated that gold is playing a sinister part in filmland's immorality,—gold that is not coming out of the pockets of actors and actresses either.

It is an old story, of course, in the theatrical world of how many beautiful girls have been forced to pay a price which cannot be counted out in terms of money for their fame and glory. It is also an old story about the success of

***Hollywood*—the thriving centre of filmland, where nine-tenths of the motion pictures of *America* are made.**

Probe of Film Magnates' LIVES

some actresses who cannot act—but who are the favorites of the men who put up the cash necessary to provide such women with a place of splendor in the theatrical sun.

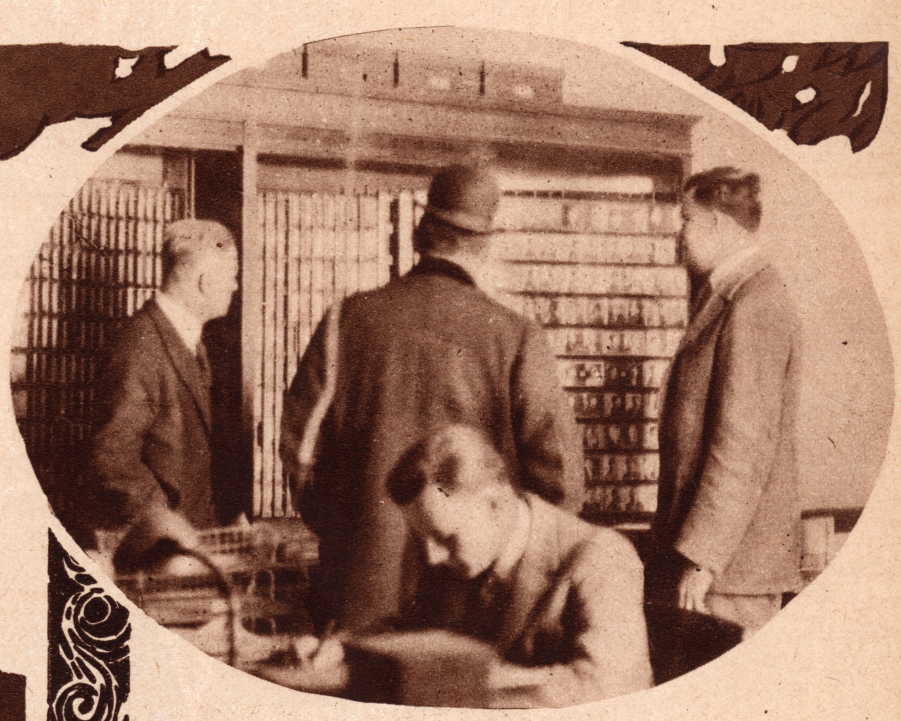
A SPICY combination of these two old stories has come to the surface in connection with managers and producers in film circles since the actors refused to sign the morality clause unless managers also signed a contract incorporating a guarantee of their moral conduct.

The question this conditional refusal immediately evoked in official circles was: "Is there any reason why managers and producers should sign a contract containing a morality clause?" In order to answer it definitely interested authorities conducted a preliminary probe designated to produce an indication of the situation.

Wm. J. Flynn, **former head of the *United States Secret Service,* who has just gone to *Hollywood* on a mission of investigation.**

According to a reliable informant the investigators struck a trail leading from the Grand Central station in New York City, via Chicago, to the very studios of Hollywood—a trail over which traps could be set to snare some of the biggest names in the producing end of the picture game.

Undoubtedly this discovery has but one significance. This significance is one, most likely, that involves a transgression of the Mann White Slave Act as it applies to transporting persons from state to state for immoral purposes.



Office of *Wm. J. Burns* detective agency in *New York.*

The United States Attorney's headquarters at Washington neither confirms nor denies that a deep probe of the personal lives of movie producers would be instigated as a direct result of the impression that managers are paying beautiful girls' fare to Hollywood with a screen career as camouflage for the true reason of these girls' trips. It has, however, become known through the statements of two actors that officials have questioned them along lines which hint that Washington realizes the existence of such a situation.

These actors, and several other people affiliated with the movie industry, declare they were pointedly asked to tell what they knew about the morals of movie magnates and managers in general. Their answers were apparently of a sensational and startling nature, because shortly afterwards its became known that the present secret investigation was under way.

Now to get down to hard-boiled facts, and possibilities regarding the immorality which could exist in the films as a result of loose-living, profligate managers and producers. We already know what the actors and actresses have been accused of. Their sins seem to be listed as those transgressions of God-made and man-made laws which flow from the weakness of the flesh! A list which includes improper conduct between movie men and women; drinking; gambling; wild parties; the dope habit and the crime of Cain.

It would appear that there isn't any other kind of immoral act worth considering beyond these already enumerated. But, there is one sin, blacker and more revolting than most of these put together, which is practically a secret and almost exclusive vice of those men who have the power to trade their filthy gold for a woman's soul.

For instance, when a motion picture manufacturer or executive meets a beautiful young woman, he has in his hands a very subtle and powerful means of gaining her attention at first, and later, her agreement to his will. How many girls do you think there are in this country who would not be gloriously dazzled by the promise of stardom in the pictures?

WELL, say twenty out of a hundred would scoff at the idea. That leaves eighty for the film magnate to choose from—quite a multitude, at that. We will say that he allows time and circumstances to aid his purposes. Gradually drawn into the glamor of life as it is lived in the land of make-believe a young, susceptible girl finds herself drifting toward a camouflaged inevitability. Suddenly she is in the trap that her own innocence, plus a man's devilish cunning, has set.

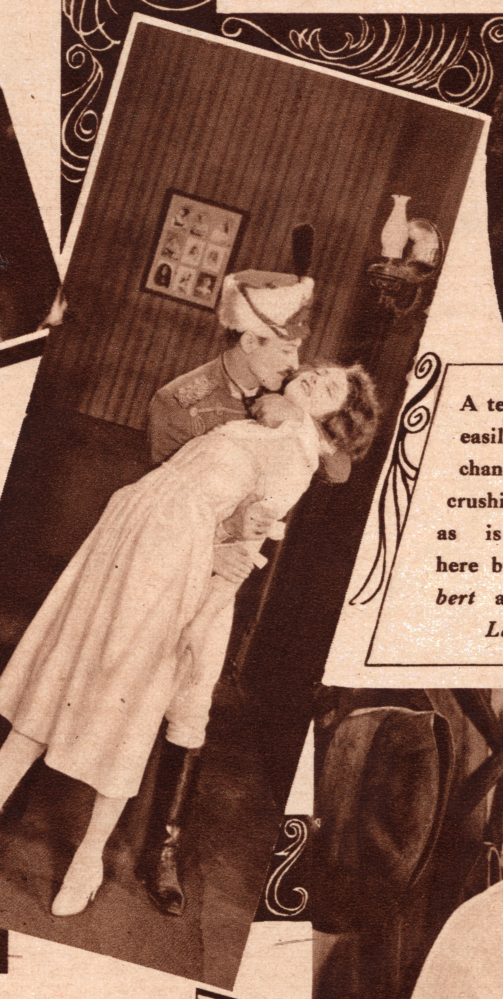
Once trapped, there is nothing to do but bow down to Fate, circumstances and the demands of an aroused ambition to become a movie star. The $200 ticket to Hollywood is fluttering in front of her . . . the promise of a bungalow . . . the lure of a screen career . . .! These are the things of temptation in the offing.

If the investigation afoot really digs under the surface of things and brings to light instances of this kind to show where the movie magnates stand in the moral question that has been agitating filmland for many, many long months, I think the industry will profit greatly. Such findings will take away a great deal of the stigma that has been unfairly cast upon our friends who furnish millions of people with amusement, entertainment and happiness in movie theatres from one end of the year to another. If this comes about "Movie Weekly," its readers, and all of fandom should take off their hats and cheer.

Caveman Love — in the movies

Carrying off the female of the species seems to have been the caveman's outdoor sport. But *Madge Kennedy* doesn't seem to like it even if *John Bowers* does.

If there's anything else that *Rodolph Valentino* can do as well as he makes love, he should do it for a living. If you don't believe it, ask *Alice Terry*.



A tete-a-tete can easily be exchanged for a crushing embrace, as is evidenced here by *John Gilbert* and *Barbara La Marr*.

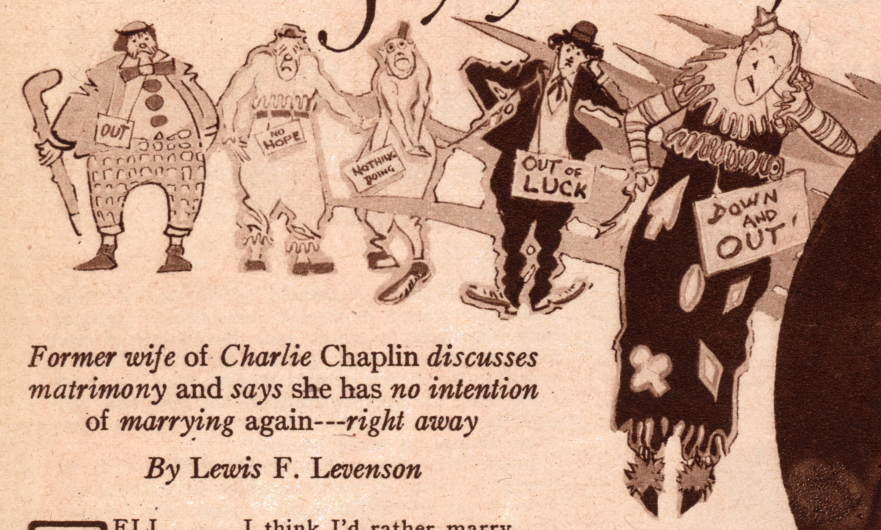
"What I want, I take," appears to be the sentiment of *Clarence Burton*, as he prints a kiss on *Agnes Ayres'* lips.

"Kiss me, my fool," *Betty Blythe* might easily be saying to *Montagu Love*, if only *Monty* weren't so terribly serious about it all.

Wonder if *George Webb* ever studied wrestling. This is certainly a strangle-hold that he has on *Barbara Bedford*.

"When I marry again ~ it won't be a comedian"

—Says Mildred Harris



Former wife of *Charlie* Chaplin *discusses matrimony* and *says* she has *no intention* of *marrying* again---*right away*

By Lewis F. Levenson

"The woman," declares *Miss Harris*, "who wants to succeed on the screen must not think too often or too seriously of marriage before she has attained success."

WELL . . . I think I'd rather marry a poet."

"Why, Miss Harris?"

"Poets are supposed to be occupied with unearthly things. Their thoughts are cloud high."

Seriously, however, Mildred Harris has positively no intention of remarrying now or in the near future. Nor is she interested other than casually in the much discussed Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin affair. She has come to the crossroad of her life and is buckling down to the job of making Mildred Harris stand for something significant in the motion picture and dramatic world.

"How can I assume marriage when my mind is filled with work?" she asked he. I was talking to her in her dressing room at the Palace Theatre where she headed the vaudeville bill. "Today I am a vaudeville actress. Next week I shall leave for the Coast to play the lead in 'The Fog,' a production which will be bigger and finer, I believe, than any in which I have ever appeared." She hummed an air. "You know I am studying voice, too. This vaudeville work is really preparation for the dramatic stage and if I can make anything of my voice, I might even go into musical comedy. For a time this year, I thought I would enter Ziegfield Follies but my vaudeville work gave me a better opportunity."

Mildred Harris and *Conrad Nagel* in a charming scene from a *Paramount* picture shortly before her marriage to *Charlie Chaplin*

Mildred Harris looks not a day older than she did when she and Charlie Chaplin stepped to the altar. Time has not wrested from her a single bubbling laugh of youth, nor has it added a single blemish of age to her appearance. She is young, enthusiastic, ambitious—and she doesn't give a darn about marriage.

Everyone seems to think I ought to have an opinion on marriage. Right now my only thought on the subject is tied up with that of my character in 'The Fog.' There you know I marry a poet. As a boy, this poet lover of mine had a chum who was his exact opposite; worldly, materialistic. 'The Fog' tells of the development of these two boys: The poet, mismated, marrying a woman beneath him, one who drags him down, until at last she dies; the other, materialist, seeking worldly pleasures, living lavishly, until I bring him to his senses.

NOT only is there a great deal of genuine humor in 'The Fog,' but it is a spectacular production including scenes showing the beginning of the war, American intervention in Siberia and a marvelous battle scene in which I, as a Red Cross nurse, appear almost like a dream figure to the wounded poet soldier.

"Marriage? After all, what is marriage? It is a reduction of the individual to terms of the mass. Everyone marries. The woman who wants to succeed on the screen must not think too often, too seriously, of marriage before she has attained success. She must give herself to her art."

When you hear Mildred Harris say this, you know that it is time to give up making an attempt to force her to choose this type of man and that. She has tried the comedian artist in

(*Continued on page 20*)

John Barrymore, the eminent young *American* stage and screen star, who will return to work before the camera in the near future.

John Barrymore will return to the screen

Noted star of "Hamlet" *signs contract* with Warner Brothers—Scheduled *to appear in* Belasco's "*Deburau*"

By Charles E. *Dexter*

A dramatic scene from *"Sherlock Holmes."*

PRESENTING Jack Barrymore as *George Bryan, Beau Brummell.*

What, in the words of the dispensers of chocolate candy, could be sweeter?

If you know your history, you know that Beau Brummell was the paragon of male vamps, the last word in foppish dress, the *ne plus ultra* of ideal idols of his day.

And Jack Barrymore is the paragon of actors, the last word in matinee idols, fitted for the part as the proverbial glove.

Jack Barrymore is coming back to the screen. He is to make the leap from "Hamlet" to the impeccable Beau Brummell in a single step. It is our modest prediction that he is going to stun the fans, make them forget all the other handsome men in the movies, drive all thoughts of Rodolph the Superb, of Doug the Daring, and Charlie the Comical into the background.

Beau Brummell is a role that needs what the French call *flair.* Flair is nothing more than a sense for doing the right thing at the right time. The real Beau Brummell, the dandy par excellence, the chap who graced the court of the Prince Regent, was a man who set the pace for exquisite dressing, for doing the right thing at the right time, when most men dressed in silks and satins, knee breeches and silver buckled shoes, instead of in the dull worsteds, serges and broadcloths of today.

Beau Brummell had to "go some" to acquire his immortal reputation as a dandy. And there is no other actor in captivity than Jack Barrymore, who could hope to portray him as he really was.

Until recent years every generation looked back appraisingly on the handsome Englishman who had emerged as the "perfect flower of a gentleman" during the early years of the nineteenth century. The real Beau Brummell flourished in the 1820's, when, as at the present moment, the world was relaxing from the strain of years of war. He made the hearts of the flappers of that day palpitate, and, after his death in 1840, handsome actors essayed to repeat his triumphs on the stage. Every generation of young girls except the present has had the opportunity of sighing as they watched the striking figure of the Beau pace the boards.

And now this generation is to have its chance. Ask your mother or your grandmother to tell you how Richard Mansfield portrayed the Beau. Look her straight in the eye and make her tell you how Mansfield, to whom Jack Barrymore is most comparable among our present day stars, found a way into her heart. Every woman likes the handsome man, the immaculate man, the man who conceals his masculine strength beneath his charming manners and his perfect taste.

Incidentally "Beau Brummell" will be only the first of a series of pictures which Mr. Barrymore is to do on his return from Europe next summer. Before he left the United States, to join his wife, Michael Strange, across the Atlantic, he signed a contract with Warner Brothers.

His leave-taking was dramatic to the extreme. He had just broken Edwin Booth's record of 100 consecutive performances of "Hamlet." He played his 101st performance before a crowded house. As the last act began, after 11 o'clock, stage stars from all the current Broadway theatres crowded into the Liberty to applaud him. He received an ovation of the sort most appreciated by the actor, an ovation from his fellow artists. As the applause was at its height, he was forced to hurry from the theatre and to dash with all speed to the dock, where a liner awaited his coming.

Mrs. Barrymore has been ill during the past winter. She has been staying in a resort on the Riviera and will not be able to return until summer. As a result Mr. Barrymore will not begin production of "Beau Brummell" until the mild season begins.

NOT SINCE "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has Jack Barrymore played in a picture worthy of his unique talent. "Sherlock Holmes" did not fit him. He is of a different type than the methodical, mechanically logical-minded hero of Conan Doyle.

Moreover, Mr. Barrymore did not fit the role of Sherlock Holmes physically. The popular conception of the Doyle hero is that created by the drawings of Frederic Dorr Steele, which was in turn based upon the personality of William Gillette, who played the part in the stage dramatization of the well-known stories. Mr. Barrymore failed to measure up to the Holmes' tradition; and his appearance in the part of the Baker Street sleuth was a keen disappointment to a great many people.

"Beau Brummell," however, is exactly suited for him. And so is "Deburau." It will be recalled that Warner Brothers contracted for all of David Belasco's famous stage plays recently, winning the famous producer over to the screen after he had resisted for years. "Deburau" was the most sensational of all the recent Belasco hits. It was said at first that Lionel Atwill, who played the role on the stage, would probably do it in the movies, but with the signing of Barrymore, it is apparent that he is slated for the part, although Warner Brothers have made no formal announcement as yet.

But even if he doesn't do "Deburau," "Beau Brummell" is enough to satisfy for the present.

Girlish hearts will flutter, lips will be moist, eyes glistening, when the handsome Jack appears on the screen dressed in the Beau's habiliments.

Get in line, girls. The picture won't be ready until next spring. But get in line and avoid the crush.

"I cried, and the director hugged me!" said Clara Bow

Ability to produce real *tears gave* piquant *young actress* her *chance before* the *camera*

By David A. Balch

Clara Bow and Raymond McKee in a charming scene from "Down to the Sea in Ships."

IF YOU were a little Brooklyn school girl——
And had just won a Beauty Contest——
And because of this had been selected for just a small part in a picture, the director of which wasn't at all interested in you——

Because he thought you were beautiful but dumb——
And when the time came for you to act your bit, and you were told to look grief-stricken——
And you burst into real tears——
And the director hugged you and called you a "wonderful little actress"——

Would you be pleased?

We'll say you would, and that is precisely what happened to Clara Bow, the delightful little juvenile of "Down to the Sea in Ships," when she first entered the motion picture studio of William Christy Cabanne, and played the small part for which she had been only casually engaged.

"I burst into tears," said *Miss Bow.*

Miss Bow, whose appearance in "Down to the Sea in Ships," marks only her second flight upon the screen, has had the sort of career in pictures that we imagine almost every girl who is screen-struck would desire for herself.

TO BEGIN with, up until a few months ago, she was quietly attending high school in Brooklyn, and only hazily imagining that she'd like to be a screen star. The Beauty Contest of the motion picture magazine curiously opened the way for her selection out of more than 36,000 entries, as the best screen type entered in the contest, and led to her being given a small part in "Beyond the Rainbow," the William Christy Cabanne production that was made in a New York studio.

"Were you nervous?" we asked Miss Bow, as we sat and watched the charming animation of her piquant little face.

"Oh!" she laughed, "terribly nervous. I'm so high-strung, you know. I was told to appear at the studio, and then all I did was to sit around day after day for a week and no one paid the slightest attention to me.

"Mr. Cabanne was directing the picture and I don't think he looked at me more than once during that whole week, and then it wasn't a very pleasant look, either. I just know he thought me merely another case of beautiful and dumb."

Clara laughed again She has wonderful animation, with expressions that change momentarily with seemingly endless variety.

(*Continued on page* 29)

What Sort of Girl is Most Attractive to Me

As related to Alma M. Talley

By Eugene O'Brien

Well-known screen ***star tells*** interviewer the ***type of woman*** that ***appeals most*** to him ***and why***

"WHAT kind of girl is most attractive to me?" Eugene O'Brien repeated my question, wrinkling his forehead thoughtfully. You remember what a crinkly smile he has all around his eyes, almost as crinkly as that enviable wavy hair of his.

"Just that," I encouraged him.

"Well, before I commit myself, I'd better say first of all that I like all girls," he smiled.

"Naturally," I agreed, "it would hardly do, would it, for one of the screen's most famous lovers not to like all the girls?"

He smiled good-naturedly and ordered cinnamon toast and tea.

"Now," I said, having made the momentous choice between orange pekoe and Ceylon, "do you prefer a fat lady or a thin lady—in other words, the kind who is long north and south or one who is broad east and west?"

"Well, I don't think a girl's height makes any great difference in my case. I have known many attractive tall ones, and I have found some small ones equally charming."

"Ah, then," I murmured, "the real test of whether you find a girl attractive or not is—what?"

Eugene opened his mouth to answer—but just then the waiter approached with the tea. One has to be discreet before a waiter!

"I like beauty in women," he admitted. "What man doesn't?"

"Is beauty altogether necessary?" I demanded, crestfallen. After all, we are not all born lucky!

"Oh, no," he reassured me, "not if a woman has charm."

"And by charm you mean?" I suggested, squeezing lemon in my tea.

EUGENE lit a cigarette. "If I knew the secret of charm," he said, "I'd——" He stopped. Naturally, he didn't know what he'd do if he knew the secret of charm. After all, that possibility is quite too staggering to follow to its conclusion.

"The beautiful thing about charm," he continued, "is that anyone can acquire it. One does not have to be born charming."

"In fact," I contributed, "one seldom is charming at that early age. But then, neither is one beautiful—but that's going back to before our story has begun."

Eugene narrowed his eyes thoughtfully.

"As I was saying," he went on, "if a girl isn't lucky enough to be beautiful, she must struggle along through life with a commonplace face. But charm is something any girl can strive for. And if she can make herself charming, her friends will never stop to think that she is not beautiful, in fact, I have known women who were quite homely, but who had such compelling personalities that they seemed beautiful. Sometimes, in fact, I have heard arguments as to whether or not a certain woman was beautiful—all because she had made her personality so magnetic that one gave her credit for being beautiful as well."

"It's delightful to be so charming," I agreed, "but, as the cartoon says, 'how do they get that way?'"

"In the first place," he said, "a girl—or anyone else, for that matter, should cultivate her brain. That is something which will last her all her life, which is more than can be said for beauty. She should learn to talk—but talk only when she has something to say. A girl who chatters constantly is not likely to find anyone tremendously interested in her conversation for long, for several reasons. One is that she is so busy talking that she can't be finding time to put much thought behind her words. Another is that when one talks incessantly, listeners get tired of listening. And still a third reason is that there isn't enough happening to one person to furnish eternal conversation material."

Screen star and *Boston* heiress meet. *Eugene O'Brien* and *Miss Ester Hammond*, on the *Polo Field* at *Santa Barbara*.

"The girl who has not only beauty, but charm," declared *Mr. O'Brien*, "is the one most attractive to me."

FLAPPERS carefully cultivate that ability to chatter," I said, thinking of how girls struggle and struggle to acquire a "line."

"Yes," said Mr. O'Brien, "that is all right when they are still flappers, probably, when their youthful enthusiasm is constantly bubbling over, but when they outgrow the flapper stage they need a little more balance."

"And what else do you look for in a girl?"

"Her voice is most important," he said, "a well pitched speaking voice is a delight. And that, incidentally, is one of the things that go a great deal toward making her charming. Besides her conversational ability and a carefully modulated voice, the girl I like must have a gracious manner. She must have poise, know how to control her irrita-

(*Continued on page 27*)

"My ideal man," said *Lila* slowly, "will be the one who thinks me the most wonderful girl in the world."

What Sort of Man is Most Attractive to Me

As related to Paul Rochester

By Lila Lee

Young screen beauty tells what *type* of *masculine charms* are *most successful* in *capturing her fancy*

WHAT sort of man is most attractive to me?"

Lila Lee's big brown eyes fluttered, while her Cupid's bow mouth curved in what seemed to us to be a wistful little smile.

"I wonder," she mused slowly, "if I'd best tell. I wonder."

"If it's anything in the way of a real secret, please do," we begged. "Imagine how the fans will feel at being let in on something that isn't generally known like—like the fact that you carry a rabbit's foot for good luck."

Miss Lee smiled again and her eyes roamed to a nearby set in the Astoria studios, where a scene was being photographed for "The Ne'er-Do-Well," the new Thomas Meighan picture in which Lila is the charming little leading lady.

"Tell us," we pressed, "just what sort of man is most attractive to you—whether tall, short, fat or thin, and all the rest of things that we can be in this world and still find people who will like us."

"Well," the dainty Lila commenced slowly, "I think that the sort of man who is most attractive to me is what I can best describe as a 'doer.'"

Lila Lee and *Thomas Meighan* in a scene from *"Back Home and Broke."*

"You mean an empire builder?" we inquired gravely. We were thinking of our boyhood desire to be—first, a carpenter, and second, President.

"No," Miss Lee returned, "not an empire builder, but an achiever of things, whom I could look up to and respect. I think every woman wants this—someone whom she can respect and sometimes worship.

"I never could love the lounge lizard type of youth, who lives on other people's earnings and is a barnacle practically on our social ship, if you get what I mean.

"This type of young man is and always has been extremely offensive to me."

Just then a pistol shot rang out, and a man tumbled to the floor. The movies had claimed another victim.

The victim in this case was John Miltern. He lay dead in a shabby hotel room, while the camera cranked and Tommy Meighan came strolling in, to find the dead body and to be accused of murder.

"I must see this scene," Miss Lee apologized, rising and beckoning me to follow her. She stood absorbed in the action, lips apart, quite as thrilled as a girl visiting a movie studio for the first time. For, although she has spent all her life on the stage and screen, "Cuddles," as her friends call her, is as naive as ever, as girlish as ever, and, as her friends say, she is getting better and better looking day by day.

AFTER Tommy Meighan had been suitably accused of murder and had walked off the set to join us for a moment and then to leave, Miss Lee continued:

"For the last two months I've been too busy seeing the world to bother my head about ideal men or men of any kind. We just returned from Panama, you know. We're doing 'The Ne'er-Do-Well,' the old Rex Beach story that was filmed twelve years ago with Wheeler Oakman in the leading role. Most of the exteriors take place in Panama. Everything would have been lovely, if we hadn't hit Panama in the middle of the rainy season. It rained every minute of the day and night. We were even glad to hit zero weather up north, if only because we knew that it couldn't rain when the temperature is below freezing."

"Then you feel," we continued, returning to our subject with the persistence common to our species, "you feel that your ideal man must be above all an achiever of things?"

"Yes," she repeated with a faraway look in her

(*Continued on page 27*)

"Vanity Fair" is filmed

Novel without a hero *reaches* the *screen through* the *hands* of *Hugo* and *Mabel Ballin*

By Dwight Hildring

Crawley chokes the *Marquis of Steyne*, his wife's betrayer.

Rawdon Crawley discovers that *Becky*, his wife, has been untrue to him.

As *Becky Sharpe*, *Mabel Ballin* gives an interesting character study of the heroine of *"Vanity Fair."*

IF they could have filmed "Vanity Fair," thirty years ago . . .

But they couldn't, for the very good reason that pictures were just being invented thiry years ago.

Back in 1893, "Vanity Fair" was as much the book of the hour as it had been since the day William Makepeace Thackeray had written it. And the lovely Mrs. Fiske was playing the lovely Becky Sharpe, bringing Thackeray's characters to life for the first time.

Today, "Vanity Fair" enters the film field. Goldwyn is doing it, Hugo Ballin has directed it, and the charming Mabel Ballin plays the lovely Becky. Dad and mother will go to see it with a tear for old time's sake in their eyes, but you and I, of the younger generation, will go for the purpose of seeing what all this "Vanity Fair" stuff is about. In thirty years, the famous Thackeray novel has been retired to a place on the shelves and in the school curriculum. But back in 1893 it was a very alive, very popular work.

The film version promises to be quite as popular as the book and the play ever were. It has united in one company three popular leading men, Earle Foxe, George Walsh, Harrison Ford and Hobart Bosworth. It has been given a careful and elaborate production.

"Vanity Fair" was a best seller in 1848, when Thackeray wrote it, and for many years afterwards. Although the story is laid in the first and second decades of the nineteenth century, its central character, Becky Sharpe, is one that is to be found in every period, the wilful, scheming, adventurous woman, who destroys loves and lives, yet goes merrily on.

BECKY, as a young girl, enters the home of her friend, Amelia Sedley, where she meets and flirts with Amelia's brother, Joseph. She is poor herself, but she is determined to make a rich marriage. Her opportunity comes when, after dropping Joseph, she marries Captain Rawdon Crawley, a youth who is the heir apparent to the fortune of an aunt. But when the aunt hears of Crawley's marriage to the poor girl, she cuts him off, angering Becky and starting her on her career of gambling and love-making. For a time Becky supports herself and her husband by the fruits of these intrigues, even going so far as to play with the husband of Amelia, Captain Osbourne. This affair reaches its climax at a great ball given in Brussels on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo.

Osbourne is killed in the battle and hi wife erroneously thinks that Becky won him from her before he met his death. She breaks off with Becky, who is undismayed and who, in the absence of her husband, carries on an amour with Sir Hugo Steyne, an old social wreck.

war, charges her with unfaithfulness and quits her too. Her star is in decline and it seems that she is destined to become a wanderer, friendless, loveless, when her first love, Joseph Sedley reveals to his sister, Amelia that Becky's flirtation with Amelia's husband was just a flirtation, nothing more. This he proves by means of a letter Captain Osbourne wrote. And he saves Becky from her fate by assuring her that he was the only one to hold the key to her heart. He marries her and they attempt to live happily ever after.

SUCH is "Vanity Fair," the story which held our fathers and our grandfathers enthralled and which has charmed many of us. Hugo Ballin has not attempted to make it a spectacular picture: he has not put on a complete edition of the Battle of Waterloo, but he has renewed the old characters and will introduce them to the new generation of screen lovers.

The Goldwyn studios in Culver City are a busy place these days. Since the new Goldwyn policy of only big pictures went into effect, Culver City has throbbed with life. "Vanity

(*Continued on page* 28)

Jimmie, the Janitor's Son, goes to see "ADAM and EVA"

Literary offspring of the Czar of the furnace room takes his "steady" to the movies with this result

By Edward Ettinger

Marion Davies, as *Eva*, and T. Roy Barnes, as *Adam*, in the hilariously funny picturization of the famous stage play, "*Adam and Eva.*"

"*Adam* was in love with *Eva* himself."

SO I PUTS on my yaller shoes and brown derby and Mag, my steady, puts on them black patent leathers with the white kid uppers and that swell hat of hers, the one with the big ostrich plume what hangs way down, and we walks out arm in arm.

"Kiddo," I says, "we is goin' to to knock 'em cold on Broadway. I'm goin' to take you to a swell movie."

"Aw, go on," she says.

"Yep," I tells her, "I'm goin' to take you to the Rivoli teyater, where they soak you 85 cents a seat."

"Jimmie," she says, lookin' at me kind of suspicious like, "you ain't been stealing again, is you?"

"Naw," I says, "a editor friend of mine give me a pass. He wants me to write up the show for him."

"What's playin', Jimmie?" she asks.

"Adam and Eva," I tells her.

"Aw, gee," she answers, "it's no wonder he give you the pass. It must be one of them there Bible pictures."

What's the difference, Mag?" I says.

Well, we gets to the Rivoli and the usher thinks maybe we is from the 400 and he gives us seats way down front.

Old timer, we was all wrong. That picture, "Adam and Eva," ain't no Bible picture at all. It's a story about a real swell, good-looking jane named Eva, you know, the kind the other feller is always got and you ain't. All she does for a living is to spend pop's money and there ain't no perspiration attached to a job like that. Finally, papa gets sore at the whole family cause they is such spendthrifts and he turns them over to his manager, a guy named Adam, what wears white socks. The old man is goin' to swap jobs with Adam. He's goin' to South America and Adam is goin' to be the head of the family. Each one of the family grafters is to get a quarter spending money each week and they is got to live on it. This makes Adam about as popular as the French is in Germany.

Little Eva buys herself a swell fur coat, F. O. B. and when Adam refuses to pay for it, she lets loose Niagara Falls, and the poor boob promises her anything if she'll only turn off the works. All right, she'll keep quiet if he'll only let her have a little party for poor Uncle Horace's birthday. So Adam gives her a promise that he'll pay for the little party. He leaves town for a week. Well, you orter seen that party. That jane Eva is got the most powerfullest imagination for spendin' money. On this little party she spent enough money to wipe out the German debt. Honest, she made that place look like Coney Island. She bought a river and boats and fireworks and turned the whole thing loose.

Now, they is two guys what are in love with every dollar what Eva is got. One of them is a Englishman with a window in his eye, called Lord Algy. They orter call him Lord Help Me. He's a awful prune. And the other is a doctor called Dr. Delamater. That bird must give them there absent treatments, cause he ain't got no office hours at all. He's always hangin' round the picture.

NOW for the dirty work. When Adam came home and seen that there little party, believe me, he felt like sendin' out letters for a meetin' of the creditors. And when he seen them two male vampires makin' love to Eva, he thought it was about time he started something, cause he was in love with Eva himself. So he chucks a bluff and tells them that the old man is ruined. He's down to his last pair of suspenders and they ain't so strong, either. When the doctor hears the sad news, he picks out the nearest exit and beats it. That's one guy out of the way.

Right here is where Eva shows she is 101 proof. She feels sorry for the old man and is goin' to help him. She gets the whole bunch to go down on the farm. They is goin' to work for a livin'. Sweet music.

Now is where the comedy comes in. You wanna

(*Continued on page 27*)

Mae Murray Jazzes

Mae Murray's new *picture* not *up to* standard --- *Marion Davies* is *charming* in *"Adam and Eva"*--other pictures as seen *by* **Ruth Mabrey**

"JAZZMANIA"

Mae Murray is Her Usual Dancing Self

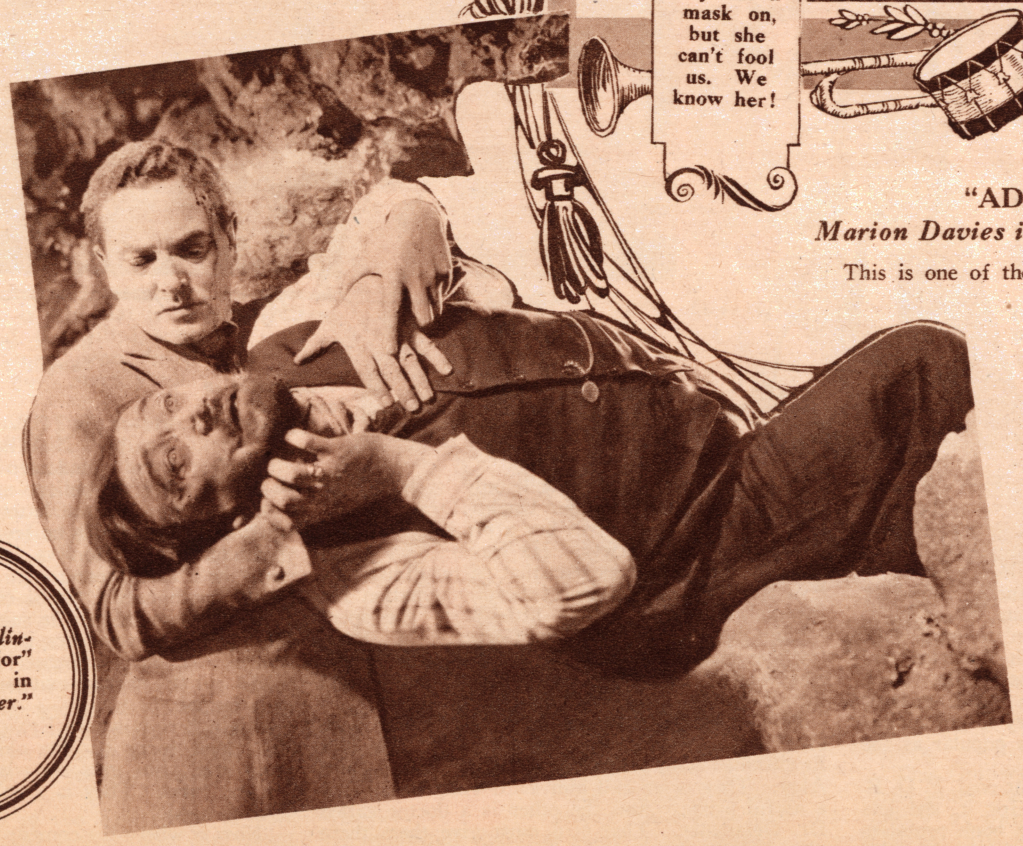
"Jazzmania," if you please, is not the mania for jazz dancing, but the the name of a mythical kingdom of which Mae Murray is queen.

The plot goes on, with little regard for logic, and is quite serious one minute and farcical the next. Through it all, Miss Murray dances and dances and dances, wearing a series of marvelous gowns—though sometimes, it must be admitted, she wears little of anything. She is at her very peppiest; in fact, one suspects her now and then of working just a little too hard.

Rod La Rocque is the leading man, though you suspect up until the end that she will marry Edward Burns, who comes into the picture several reels sooner than Mr. La Rocque. The picture in this, at least, shows originality, in that one is kept guessing as to which suitor she will marry. In fact, there is even a third possibility, in Robert Frazer. Jean Hersholt makes the villain very villainous, and Lionel Belmore is amusing as the old prime minister.

Mae Murray's fans like, primarily, to see her dance, and this picture should please them for that reason. There is nothing else to recommend it for except its lavishness.

Mae Murray has a mask on, but she can't fool us. We know her!



Herbert Rawlinson "does for" the villain in *"The Prisoner."*

"ADAM AND EVA"

Marion Davies in a Delightful Light Comedy

This is one of the best light comedies the screen has shown lately, and Marion Davies has never been more delightful. She seems to have grown much more sprightly and peppy since her earlier days of motion pictures.

"Adam and Eva" was adapted from a very successful stage play by George Middleton and Guy Bolton. The picture version has laid stress on the scenes showing the heroine as a rich young lady, thereby giving Miss Davies an opportunity to wear marvelous gowns and give elaborate parties. Thus there is occasion for Joseph Urban's lavish settings.

It is the story of a rich man's family who is so extravagant that he finally, in desperation, makes a bargain with his South American representative to change places with him temporarily. And the temporary father scares off the daughter's fortune hunting suitors by announcing that the fortune is lost and taking the family to work

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At Last ✦ S ✦ S ✦ the tall girl comes into her own ✦

Petite heroine no longer *monopolizes screen* as heretofore---*Tall girl* now *popular with* picture *audiences* everywhere

By Grace Greenwood

AVAUNT the curly-haired cutie! Enter—the big girl!

They're making the door higher that leads into the picture studio.

So, if you're a big girl, you may take heart of hope. You may dream now of becoming a picture star, instead of planning to be a woman lawyer, or doctor, or stenographer, or school teacher, or delicatessen keeper, or anything like that.

For the big girl is coming into her own on the screen.

Just because you have a few more inches than your sister is no bar now-a-days to your getting into the movies. In fact, your stock is away up.

Where, indeed, *is* the split pint heroine of yesteryear? Gone, save for such as have maintained themselves by sheer power of ability and brains and artistic attainment, like Mary Pickford, Viola Dana, Enid Bennett and just a few others that you can count on the fingers of one hand.

We used to demand that all our film heroines be little and lively and prankish. But our film drama has progressed with its growth. The romping days of the film, when actors got by on main strength and agility of body instead of mind, are over. Pollyanna has grown up and sobered a little.

"The director told me," mourned a girl to me a few years ago, "that I was too tall. He acknowledged I was just as good an actress as the other girl—but she was three inches shorter. Isn't that awful luck?"

It was! To have one's genius measured by one's inches!

With men it was the same. The medium height actor was in demand. Maybe that was to match the little girl, I don't know. Anyhow, many a good actor was barred out by being too tall, and merely because he was too tall. But along came the war—and somehow we decided to like the big men. And then Tommy Meighan happened to the industry! He became the vogue, and Tommy's big form shoved the door open for the rest of the tall men.

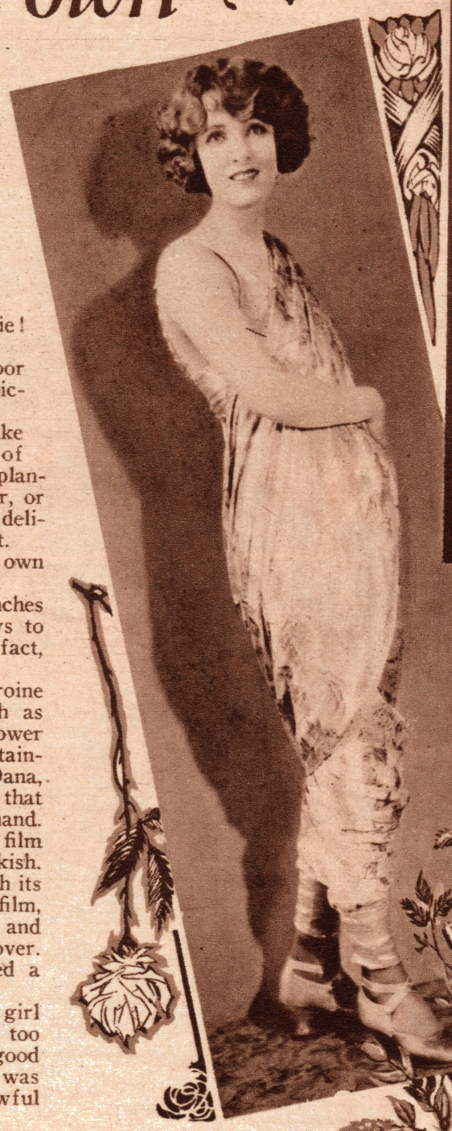
HOWEVER, we were telling about the big girls, weren't we?

There are lots of reasons why the big girl is coming into her own in the film drama.

It is due partly to the recent vogue of foreign plays, probably, in which most of the heroines are big women, partly to the fact that the drama of thought does occasionally find its way to the screen, partly to the success of tall women from the stage on the screen, and, of course, to other reasons, that the big girl may now hope.

Our film drama is demanding more and more that thought and psychology enter into characterization and story movement. Directors often permit a player on the screen to carry a role through almost solely by repressed pantomime and by facial expression, backed by concentration of thought and feeling.

Of all tall women of the screen, *Betty Blythe* is among the tallest and fairest.



***Claire Windsor*, whose very height is one of her most particular charms.**

***Alice Terry's* fair blonde beauty is considerably enhanced by the dignity of her height.**

It is probably the foreign themes more than the actual foreign films that have had the real influence in the demand for larger women. Alice Terry in Rex Ingram's "Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power," Miss Dupont in "Foolish Wives," Helen Ferguson in "Hungry Hearts," are all largely successful through the portrayal of repressed emotion. All these films had foreign themes, all these actresses are large women.

But the greatest reason of all, probably, was, as usual, the girls themselves!

BY SHEER power of beauty, personality and talent, the big girls have won their way. The invincible power, the irresistible charm, of such actresses as Constance Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, Claire Windsor, Lois Wilson, Anna Nilsson, Katherine MacDonald, Leah Baird, simply would not be denied.

What the world would have missed if any of the above-named players in either group had been denied an opportunity simply because she was what is known as a big girl! What aesthetic joy we should have missed

(*Continued on page 28*)

Love and Honor clash in "The Common Law"s

Picturization of *well-known* novel *depicts* a *girl's struggle* to *remain* respectable *against* all the *temptations* of *an artist* model's *life*

Valerie West (*Corinne Griffith*), applies at the studio of *Louis Neville* (*Conway Tearle*) for work as a model. Requested to pose in the nude, she is humiliated, but *Neville's* impersonal manner reassures her.

Neville's sister hears of her brother's attachment and seeks to break it off by appealing to *Valerie's* honor. *Valerie* consents and tells *Neville* their friendship must cease.

Charmed by *Valerie's* beauty and intelligence, *Neville* falls in love with her. *Valerie* soon becomes famous as a model and returns *Neville's* love.

Valerie then plunges into the wild life of the artists' studios and meets *Querida* (*Elliott Dexter*), a painter friend of *Neville's*. *Querida* takes *Valerie* to a New Year's Eve party where *Neville* sees her.

Hurt and disgusted by the spectacle of *Valerie's* dancing on a table, *Neville* leaves and returns to his studio, where *Valerie* follows him. He bitterly upbraids her for her action.

But love, which is a stronger force than youth reckons, brings *Valerie* and *Neville* together again and their marriage, so dearly desired and so long postponed, now becomes a reality.

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Charmion Surrenders

Love comes at last to *Charmion* and *Lawrence.*

The Concluding Instalment of

"A Darling of the Rich"

Novelized from the

Whitman-Bennett

screen production starring

Betty Blythe

What has happened so far:

MASON LAWRENCE (*Leslie Austin*), finds himself in danger of being crushed by a business rival, and is forced to agree to marry the daughter of his partner. He rescues a woman from drowning and finds her to be the girl he has long pictured in his dreams. Meanwhile his rival,

PEYTON MARTIN (*Montague Love*), has learned of some plans an old inventor has left to his daughter, and resolves to secure them. He despatches his secretary,

TORRENCE WELSH (*Chas. Gerard*), to the home of the dead inventor with instructions to get the plans. Welsh meets the inventor's beautiful daughter and proposes to her. She is on the point of accepting him when she is rescued by Lawrence, whom she loves immediately. When Welsh attempts to force his attentions upon her,

CHARMION WINSHIP (*Betty Blythe*), the daughter of the inventor, leaves the town and makes her way to the city, where she opens an antique shop. Unable to pay her rent, she is about to give up the struggle, when someone enters the shop who is fated to change the whole course of her life. The stranger is

PRINCESS BLENKEFSKY (*Julia Swayne Gordon*), who persuades Charmion to impersonate her in an attempt to sell some of the Russian crown jewels. Charmion agrees. Both Martin and Lawrence attend her studio and nearly come to blows for her favor. Lawrence does not now her to be the girl he rescued, but by the dawning recognition in his eyes, Charmion realizes she is in danger.

IN BETWEEN attendance upon the Princess Blenkefsky, Peyton Martin had remained vigilant in his search for Charmion Winship. He was still fixed in his determination to worst young Mason Lawrence if he could and the way he "could" seemed to be the Winship patent, if it were available. But all traces of Charmion had disappeared. Welsh had admitted his failure to trace her. Aunt Jane and the children knew nothing of her, and Fred Winship said that he only "wished he did." It was Fred Winship in whom Peyton Martin fixed his hope of finding the lost girl. He didn't quite know whether to believe the boy or not. "He looks cagey to me," he told Welsh, and added, "tell him we'll give him a job, at a fat salary. He'll fall for it, as what boy wouldn't? If he doesn't know anything about his sister, he will in time, and then we'll have it out of him by fair means or . . ." Peyton Martin waved his hand in the gesture he invariably employed when his nicety did not permit him to use words.

Martin chuckled the day young Winship came in to report. "He's a weakling," he told Welsh. "Leave plenty of money about . . . tempt him . . . I want him to be under my thumb and at my mercy when the time comes . . ."

Fred was duly and fully "tempted."

The day after his rebuffal, Welsh returned again. He determined this time to work upon Charmion until she yielded to him. "Every woman has her price," he thought, with curled lips of old contempts.

"Charmion," he said to her, "if you marry me I'll make you the wealthiest woman in America through that rubber patent."

Charmion rose. "Mr. Welsh," she said, "I've had about enough of these threats and demands from you. You are pitifully transparent. You want my father's patent to pervert to your own uses and, possibly, but only possibly, those of your chief. But you are not going to get it. Your threats of exposure are not even going to get it for you. If I regain my identity through your very friendly offices, *you* shall not gain by getting my patent. There is an end to that."

Charmion pointed to the door. "If you please," she said, and Welsh knew better than to annoy her further. There was a tigress stalking in her eyes.

AS Mason Lawrenee entered upon Welsh's departure, Charmion had an instinctive impulse to burst out laughing. They had been doing that so often of late. She thought amusedly that their entrances and exits were timed like the ones in any obviously staged melodrama or farce, and then, when she saw Mason Lawrence's face, she realized with a cold thrill about her heart that she had omitted to put on her wig! *He was seeing unmistakably before him the little girl of the sand dunes on Long Island!*

"Charmion!" he cried, and for an instant she was close against his heart, where, in so many mad dreams, she had desired so greatly to be; "Charmion! Ah, I wasn't mistaken! I knew I couldn't be, wholly. Dear, my dear, I have missed you so! You don't know what you did to me with that kiss. Sweet, I am a free man now . . . you will marry me! You must marry me! We will forget patents and processes, companies and fortunes-to-be-made . . . we will forget that there exists a world beyond the world that you and I will make, together and alone . . . dear, my dear . . ."

It was so sweet. Precious. Precious and sweet.

But then, like a serpent in her Eden, Charmion heard Welsh saying, "If he knew that you are Charmion Winship . . . if he knew . . . he would throw over the little Church of Rome . . ."

He hadn't asked her to marry him before. But now that he knew . . .

She drew away from him. "Certainly not," she said, the coldness of her words giving the astounding lie to the thudding of her responsive heart against his, "most certainly not! I refuse to be tormented further on account of my father's patent. I have no intention of being married for that reason."

Lawrence walked away from the place with his face set cold and hard.

Charmion, on her part, was sick and disgusted. To the real Princess she confided her intention of having done with the whole performance that night. "One way or another," Charmion said, "I shall be through."

"How, honey?" The actual Princess had become, in the weeks of their association, deeply attached to Charmion. She had selected her for her beauty, but she loved her now for the heart beneath it.

"Either I will know that my father's patent is good," Charmion said, "in which event the rest is easy to guess, or, if it turns out badly I shall offer myself to the highest bidder at the auction tonight. The highest bidder will doubtless be Peyton Martin. Very well. Then the game will be up, so far as the game is concerned. And other things, too; other things, too, will be gone . . ."

Charmion brooded and the Russian woman took the small, cold hands in both of her own.

"What do you mean by that, my child?" she asked, motherwise.

"I mean that all of my dreams will be gone," Charmion said quietly. "I will be wholly sacrificing myself, my body, for the good of others more important than I. It will be the only way. Through me the way will be paved with gold and precious stones for Fred, for Auntie and the children. I would not dare refuse so glittering an opportunity.

WHEN, that same night, at Peyton Martin's super-elaborate roof-garden party, the Princess Blenkefsky arrived as gorgeous guest-of-honor, she bore with her the knowledge that there was nothing more to her father's patent than the

(*Continued on page 27*)

Life

by NEIL MORAN

PROLOGUE

ONCE upon a time"—that is the way stories have started —"there was a prince—" so once upon a time there was a prince of the motion picture world. He was tall and handsome and his fame had spread throughout the land. He was known as Donald Kildane, though that was not his right name and what was his right name doesn't matter. He became all powerful; had the movie world at his feet but he did not do it alone.

There was a Miriam Tresdale—a star—and to the star he was leading man. People spoke of what a handsome couple they were and gossip rumored that they were in love. If such were the case it was never proven but they were indeed, fond of each other and good friends.

The prince rose to great heights and then something happened. Whatever it was doesn't matter but it sent him to the dogs. He began to drink, went from bad to worse, lost his job, and his popularity waned. New actors were coming in; new stars were being made. Artists of the legitimate stage were hearkening to the call. The movies! The movies! They came in droves. And the poor prince was soon forgotten for there were others to take his place. That happened eight years ago.

SITTING in her dressing-room in the Four Winds Studio, Miriam Tresdale looked up as her husband entered the room.

"Hello, Sol," she said.

And Solomon Goldsmith grunted and twirled the fat cigar in his mouth.

"A fine feller!" he muttered. "A fine bum! Oh, for a nickel I could tell that loafer something!"

***Kildane,* the handsome matinee idol, and *Miriam Tresdale,* his pretty co-worker.**

"What are you talking about?" Mrs. Goldsmith asked, as she went on polishing her nails. Mrs. Goldsmith, the same Miriam Tresdale, star of the cinema continually on the ascend.

"Vy, that roughneck Kildane!" Sol Goldsmith cried. "I just heard——"

"Donald Kildane!" Miriam Tresdale turned in surprise.

"Sure, Donald Kildane. Our bright and ambitious press agent Al King just met him. Said that Kildane looked like a hot dog half bitten."

Miriam Tresdale shuddered.

"Where did he meet him?" she finally asked.

"Vere? Vere does anyone meet one? One that is down and out. Times Square of course."

"Why, I thought—thought Donald was dead," Miriam Tresdale whispered.

"He might just as vell be," Sol replied, drumming his fingers on an expansive vest. "Oh, that fool! That great, big piece of dumbbell! And think of the career that feller had!"

DON'T talk about him that way," Miriam protested. "I'm glad he's not dead. You remember we heard that he was. Just one of those wild rumors."

"Of course, I heard," replied Sol considerately. "And I vas glad to hear it. He's going to have a long rest, I thought. He needs it. And now he's back again!"

The film magnate's wife looked at him.

"Sol," she said, "haven't you any heart?"

"Heart?" he ejaculated, shoving his pudgy hands into his pockets. "I'm telling yer, I was glad to hear that he vas dead. I vas doing him a kindness. What good is it for a feller to live when he gets that way?"

"But all men aren't the strong characters that you are, Sol," she said, giving him some of the "oil" that she was constantly pouring to flatter him.

"No, I suppose not," he agreed, feeling it necessary to ask, "Were you looking at some nice sable coats, my dear? You look stunning in sable, chicken. How many you got now? Ten?"

"No, I wasn't thing of sable," she replied absently. "I was thinking of Kildane. Tell me more about it. Where is he? What's become of his wife?"

"Oh, his wife. She vas a lady," said Sol thoughtfully. "She is now somebody's else's wife. Ain't that the vay it goes?"

"But I mean his second wife?"

"Oh, you mean the number two. Vy didn't you say it? The number two dies. Yes." Sol woefully shook his head. "The poor voman. You couldn't help but feel sorry for her. He deserted her; she vas sick. Oh, such a story! And then there vas a baby, you remember, and the poor little thing dies, too. Such a pity! And the big loafer of a father"—Sol's voice was increasing in volume—"lives on and on. But ain't that always the way, ducky?"

Miriam Tresdale turned her head. She was thinking of Donald Kildane, the Donald Kildane she knew, eight years ago. Tall, handsome, a matinee idol, a befitting leading man to support Miriam Tresdale, star. What a pair! Yes, that was what people said. What a pair! She had never had another leading man like him. Though her popularity had never waned, she knew that there was no one whom she could act with as she did with Donald Kildane. They seemed to have given each other inspiration. Not the ordinary inspiration. It was the kind that doesn't come twice.

"Tell me, Sol," she said, turning around. "Where is he?"

"Vy vould you want to know?" asked her husband lightly. "If I didn't know how much in love you were with me I'd be jealous of you, cookie."

BUT you do know, don't you?" replied Miriam Tresdale quickly and strange as it was she was in a way. A certain kind of love. Perhaps the love of gratitude; the love that

Goes On

A *powerful* and *absorbing story* in *three instalments* of a *screen* star's *fall* and *rise*

comes from having everything one wants and one's name in lights and one's reputation made as a star. Yes, Sol Goldsmith had given all of these. And Miriam Tresdale was the kind of a woman that wanted them. But somehow—no, Sol had never given her that real love—love as it should only be known—no, he had never given her that. But neither had she is return ever given anything but the love that wasn't love; but as the love that it wasn't went for love, Sol was never a bit the wiser.

"Yes, I do know," he said, glancing at himself in the mirror and somehow made his unattractive face attractive to his mind's eye. "You are my one big feature, darling. All the others are just pictures. But you are the—vell, vat is it you vould like to know?"

"Where Kildane is."

"Vere do bums hang out? Saloons and parks."

"Has he a place to sleep?"

"Al met him in the street. He told Al vere he was living."

"Ah!" said Miriam. "Sol, go there and help him."

"Who me? Not if I could lose you, my cutie. After the vay that loafer talked to me that day! You remember, hahn, eight years ago when he come around drunk? Oh, the things that feller said!"

"Bygones are bygones," said Miriam strangely.

"Not with me they ain't" Sol cried. "Bygones are just alwayses. I tell yer I never forget!"

"Then do this!" She swung around suddenly and sprang to her feet. "Sol," she cried, "I've got a great idea! There'll be money in it for you, too. And it's certainly going to help me. You remember some of those pictures I did with Kildane?"

"Could I ever forget them?" Sol asked, shrugging. "My dear, you vere always magnificent. Such acting! A little slenderer, too," he nodded, reflecting, taking in the matured figure that had lost none of its grace. "Are you keeping up on the diet?" He demanded. "You know papa don't vant you to get fat."

"And I won't Sol. I'll live on bread and water for a week if you'll do this. Some of those old pictures I did with Kildane are the best. You know it, everyone does. Sol, why not reissue some of them?"

HER husband took the cigar from his mouth and looked at her in amazement.

"Reissue some of those old ones?" he exclaimed. "That 'Her Only Love' for example. Or 'The Woman Who Married the Wrong Man'."

"Yes, Sol, they were two of the best."

Donald Kildane, still retaining the shreds of his former dignity, meets his old press agent.

"And vat is the idea, ducky?" he asked, drawing up a chair and holding her hand.

"The idea is to bring back Kildane!'

"Vat!"

"And to make money for you, Sol, and to let the public see me once again in the roles that made me. Don't you see? It's to our advantage. But it will also help Kildane. We have to be charitable, Sol. Kildane hasn't been heard of for years. He's been forgotten. We can bring him back. With my name, it'll pull. Then he can go and see himself and make a fresh start."

The magnate's eyes narrowed. He wasn't thinking so much of Kildane. But he was thinking of some of those old pictures. Yes, they were among the best. Good stories, wonderfully acted. Funny, he thought, that his wife had never since acted so well. But she had always held her own. But some of those old pictures were better than some of the new ones. And the great inducement, those old pictures wouldn't have to be produced again. It was like having some alleged worthless stock and then discovering it was worth a fortune.

"Ducky," he said, "that ain't a half bad idea. But remember it ain't for that big stiff Kildane. If I could cut that guy's face out of the picture I'd do it."

Sol Goldsmith got up and took a turn up and down the room. "Yes, the more I think of it the better I like it. And then you were so much slimmer, my little grasshopper. Promise papa you'll keep up on the diet."

"I'll get back as I used to be, Sol," she declared.

"Then that is all there is to it. I'll see about this other thing. And mind me ven I say that Kildane feller is a loafer. You hear? my gumdrop."

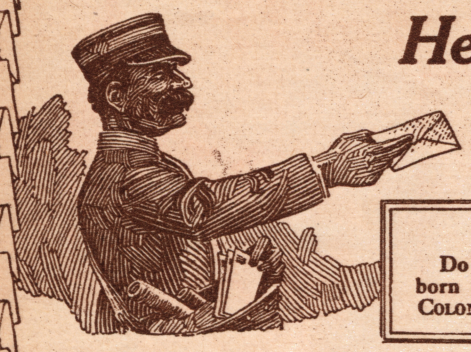
"Yes, I heard you, Sol."

After he had gone. Miriam Tresdale bowed her head on the dressing-table and thought of Kildane feller is a loafer. You hear? My gumto cry. But she had the feeling that any woman might have had over the thought of such a man. He had thrown away all, his career and everything, and had gone to the dogs.

"Kildane!" She whispered the word and shuddered. She looked up suddenly and her eyes caught her expression in the mirror. Large eyes, cold eyes, beautiful eyes and yes, cruel eyes. "Kildane," she laughed. Yes, she knew it; the rumor that had gone around. Kildane was in love with her. She had never believed it, knew that it wasn't true. Any more than she had been in love with Kildane; and that was the other half of the rumor. But as it stood it was something to think over; it was something that tickled her vanity. She knew how women had raved over Kildane; and she knew how unlike Kildane her husband was—in looks. Perhaps this last thought had something to do with it. To bring those pictures out again might start the old gossip. Sweet retrospection! Married to a fat movie magnate and the idol of a handsome movie star. Miriam Tresdale laughed.

"The damn fool!" she muttered.

(*Continued next week*)



He Saves All His Copies Of Movie Weekly

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

KISS ME, MY FOOL—Is that a slam at me, or what? I'll expect a written apology of about ten pages or so. No, Pola and Charlie have not yet sentenced themselves to each other for life, but they may very soon. I say may, there's no telling what these temperamental artists will do.

BARBARA LA MARR FAN—Another fan in the winter time. Barbara is about twenty-three and is still unmarried. She would probably send you her picture if you wrote her at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. She is to play in "Captain Applejack."

MABEL H.—I'll tell the editor how you palpitate to read an interview with Katherine MacDonald in "Movie Weekly." Her address is 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, and her newest picture is "Money, Money, Money." We published her life story in "Movie Weekly" for July 2, 1921.

H. E. J.—Please give you your answer in the next issue? Do you think I perform miracles? A magazine isn't printed over-night, you see. Jack Mulhall lives at 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood. Eugene O'Brien is on tour in his stage play, "Steve," but you can write him in care of his manager, George Gatts, 1483 Broadway, New York. William Farnum's address is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

ATLANTIC CITY BY THE SEA—You say I'm not as old as the photo of me in the magazine? I've never been so flattered before. That photo was made by our Art Department not more than two months ago, and I assure you I'm older than that. Clara Kimball Young's address is 1854 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Yes, Lowell Sherman is an American.

PEGGY JOHNSTONE — So someone said I look like Rodolph. Well, to be truthful, I'm glad I don't. It must be rather uncomfortable to start a riot every time one goes out of the house, as Rodolph does. Richard Dix has just signed a contract with Paramount, so you can write him for his photo at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. No, he isn't married. His latest picture is "The Christian." Write to Viola Dana for her picture at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

GLORIA CLARKE — So you think I'm a cute little boy? Well, it's been years since anyone thought I was that. Marion Davies is about twenty-four and is a decided blonde. Write her at the International Studio, Second Ave. and 127th St., New York. Yes, Elliott Dexter was married a few months ago to Nina Untermyer. He is about forty; yes, his hair is slightly grey. As Kathleen Walsh has never, to my knowledge, played in pictures, I have no information concerning her.

HOPEFUL—So you think my pen bites? Aren't you getting it mixed up with my bulldog? Mary Miles Minter lives at 701 New Hampshire Blvd., Los Angeles. Her picture was published in our center pages, November 12, 1921. Now, you see, I didn't try any cannibal tactics on you at all, so you needn't be afraid to write again.

ANNA D.—You wish you could kiss Harrison Ford. Well, he's very obliging, perhaps he'll let you. He is divorced from Beatrice Prentice. Mahlon Hamilton is married, and so is Thomas Meighan.

FRIDAY BRODY—You are writing to me, trying for luck, you say. What an original way to try for luck; I should think you'd be out looking for four leaf clovers. Niles Welch is thirty-five and has been married for five years to Dell Boone, and they live at 7517 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Surely I know what *beaux yeux* means, but do you?

THOMAS—I hope you're not one of those doubting Thomases, because it won't do me much good to answer your questions if you're going to doubt my answers. Anita Stewart's address is 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles. Rodolph Valentino has had two wives. Wanda Hawley's newest picture is "Brass Commandments," but the name of her next one hasn't been announced yet. She will make it in Paris. Antonio Moreno's address is Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Yes, he would probably send you his photograph free. Leatrice Joy's hobby is tennis. The Lee children have been playing in vaudeville for the past few years.

P. T. E.—So you can't find the ink; maybe the cat drank it. May McAvoy is twenty-one, her latest picture is "Kick In." Bebe Daniels is twenty-two.

LOVIE—You sound like a popular song. Rodolph's picture was published in the centre of "Movie Weekly" for March 4, 1922. You might ask for Wallace Reid's picture from Mrs. Reid, at 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles. Mary Pickford's address is Beverly Hills, Cal. Her pictures are sent out by a charity organization, which charges a quarter apiece for them. Mary will forward your letter to the proper persons. Yes, you will probably get the picture you sent for from Richard Dix, but you can't expect to hear in less than a month or two. Actors get so much mail they're usually late in answering it.

BERMUDA LILY—You begin to make me think of Easter and all the hard-boiled eggs I see then. Charles Hutchinson lives at 801 Riverside Drive, New York. House Peters gets his mail at the Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Cullen Landies at the Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Robert Agnew, in care of Edward Small, 1493 Broadway, New York.

MARS—A communication from Mars. Well, I've got something to brag about, haven't I? Theda Bara has black hair and eyes. You can write her for her picture in care of Selznick Pictures Corp., 729 7th Ave., New York City. No, I can't say that I see any resemblance between Theda and Pola Negri; the latter also has black hair and eyes. Yes, Pola's hair is bobbed. Write to Norma Talmadge at 1540 Broadway, New York.

JOSEPHINE W.—I not only have time to answer your questions, but if I didn't I'd take it. "If you see anything you want, take it," is a very dangerous motto, but every now and then I do take things—cold, for instance. Ruth Roland is twenty-nine and is divorced from L. E. Kent, a real estate operator. Mae Murray is thirty. Hoot Gibson married Helen Johnson last April.

TEXAS DEX—How about writing to me again sometime? I assure you it's all right with me, if you can stand it. I should think you would need an extra room in your attic to save all your copies of "Movie Weekly." I'm glad you like the magazine so well. Agnes Ayres is about twenty-four; her next picture is "The Exciters." Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven; her next picture is "Prodigal Daughters." Leatrice Joy will next be seen in "You Can't Fool Your Wife"; she is about twenty-five. Lewis Stone is married.

A FRIEND IN NEED—That's too bad, what are you in need of? No, Norma and Constance Talmadge have never played in a picture together. Charlotte Pickford very seldom appears on the screen. Fatty Arbuckle is going to direct comedies now, instead of playing in them. No, Elmo and E. K. Lincoln are not brothers.

IMA DARLING — Are you, really? Is that just your own idea, or did somebody tell you you were? Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn twenty-one years ago. You can write her for her picture at the Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Yes, Viola Dana is her sister.

CURIOSITY—I do hope you didn't kill a cat. Adolphe Menjou is about forty, and is, I imagine, married. He is an American. He has been in movies several years; he doubtless wore his moustache in "The Sheik," as he wears it in practically all his pictures. At present you can reach him at the Selznick Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, where he is playing in "Rupert of Hentzau."

K. R. H.—Niles Welch seems to be popular today. Your questions are answered in Friday Brody's answer on this page.

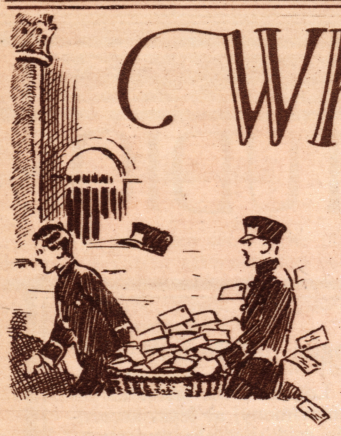
E. J. J. B.—Behold, you are seeing your answer in print as soon as possible, just as you wished. Stuart Holmes played the part of Duke Michael in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Olive Thomas was a Selznick star when she died, but she was not making a picture at the time of her death. She was visiting Paris with her husband, Jack Pickford. She was twenty-three when she died. No, Kenneth Harlan is not married to Marie Prevost, and they deny they are engaged.

BLANCHE (FLAPPER)—I didn't know there were any flappers left, after the way they've been picked on for the past few years. No, Gaston Glass is not married, though he is supposed to be engaged to Mary Miles Minter. He is about twenty-six. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Agnes Ayres is divorced from Frank Schusker; she has gray eyes. Rodolph can't play in pictures for several years, until his contract with Paramount is finished.

J. B. C.—If I wanted to give you a pert answer, I'd say that you'll see Frank Mayo in pictures whenever you take the trouble to watch for his pictures. He has been playing right along; his latest is "The Bolted Door." He has just signed a contract with Goldwyn.

A LEATRICE JOY FAN—So you're sending me a whole string of questions. I might tie twenty knots in the string and Coue on it. Yes, Leatrice Joy will probably play opposite Thomas Meighan again sometime. As she hasn't yet finished "You Can't Fool Your Wife," there has been no announcement of what she will do next. Pearl White is in Europe now, in a convent. I don't know why someone doesn't play "Her Father's Daughter," unless maybe no one has heard of it. Why don't you call the attention of one of the stars to the story you have in mind. Thomas Meighan has just finished "The Ne'er Do Well," and Lois Wilson "The Covered Wagon." Gloria Hope isn't working on any picture at present.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel



Where Fan Meets Fan

HAVE YOU EVER MET A SCREEN STAR?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, "Movie Weekly," 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

At a recent meeting of the most important literary club for women in a town of over 100,000, the members responded to roll call with the name of their favorite movie star. It seemed that most of them had none. There were over fifty responses and by a large majority their verdict was thumbs down for the movie people.

The leader for the day, who would be perfect as the old maid teacher in a country school, said that she had at one time enjoyed the pictures of Wallace Reid and Mary Pickford, but that since she had learned what the former was and since Mary had taken to mating every season (this brought applause and much high-pitched laughter), she took no further interest in any of them. Another gave Lillian Gish as her favorite, because, so far as she knew, her private life was all that it should be. One three hundred pound blonde with Barbara La Marr earrings, responded in a throaty voice and with a great sigh, "Rodolph Valentino, the world's lover!" I think she sincerely meant it.

I wonder if the members of similar clubs throughout the country would show a like spirit, and if so, why?

It is hard to understand why a group of women, organized for purposes of improvement and the broadening of viewpoint, should show such a spirit of intolerance toward our great actors and actresses whose hard work, coupled with their real genius, has brought to us all such pleasure and enlightenment. Perhaps they assumed that attitude for the effect upon each other. Or is it just impossible for women to say what they really think?

Their opinion seems about as valuable as those of the fly in the bottle who said that he knew the earth was large because he had seen all of it.

MRS. S. J. S.

Concerning Arbuckle

I am an ardent admirer of "Movie Weekly," and your impartial way of dealing with all controversies has aroused my enthusiasm. (Re—the Arbuckle case and his return). Why shouldn't he be allowed to come back? The jury found him NOT GUILTY. We sane-minded public accept their verdict.

It made my blood boil to read the letter from a husband and father. To say that "Fatty" never belonged to the screen is outrageous. Why—with the exception of Charles Chaplin—he was the most talented comedian on the screen!

Why are the strayings of our erstwhile ministers so quietly dealt with and the least little delinquency of Hollywood emblazoned in bold type? If some of the public don't want to see him, let them stay away, but for goodness' sake, don't debar the whole world to satisfy a band of uncharitable, so-called loving Christian spirits.

My little boy of five takes great pleasure in his imitations of "Fatty." Would he be demoralized by seeing this comedian on the screen again? No, he would be afforded great happiness, as would millions of others.

One writer says that weak-minded half-wits want his return. It seems to me those who want to bar the comedian are the weak-minded, they are the ones who fear contamination—we who want him back are strong-minded enough to KNOW we would not be demoralized.

We want Roscoe Arbuckle's return, not out of Christian charity, but because he is a great artist and gives pleasure to thousands of weary workers.

MRS. M. SPENCER.

In Praise of "Grand Larceny"

Speaking of some scene in pictures we really hold "dear," I would like to tell you of mine.

***Betty May*, of *Century Comedies*, is all dressed up for a hot day.**

A love scene, of course, appeals to all of us. But a picture that is real—closer to human nature and things that really happen in one's everyday life, was "Grand Larceny," with Claire Windsor and Elliott Dexter.

I have seen many plays which people might have called artistic, but "Grand Larceny" "gets under the skin." It makes one take thought and one can see just what neglect does for a home.

I know such a home and a devoted husband as was played by Elliott Dexter. These people were drifting—neither was aware of it—until they saw "Grand Larceny." What a change!

Three cheers for Claire and Elliott.

B. M. WISLER.

Screen Versions of Books Mutilate the Stories

I wish to register my opinion regarding the way the producers mutilate books they make into pictures. "Tess of the Storm Country," for example. Except for the names of a few characters and some of the situations, it is not the book at all. How can producers use the name of a prominent book, use the same names for the characters, pump it full of press-gas and get by with it?

They claim they cannot film the books as written because they would not make a photoplay, but if that is so, why don't they let the book alone? Because a best seller has money value to them, instead of doing like the legitimate stage play, leaving out unimportant parts, they use the usual recipe and pad it out till the finished product is scarcely recognizable. To my mind it is fraudulent.

Let the public demand from producers the truth in advertising, honest methods in producing books and plays and they will be really helping to get cleaner and better pictures.

EVA HARDY.

A Close-Up of Wesley Barry

It was while Wesley Barry in "Heroes of the Street," was being shown in our city, that Wesley appeared in person. He made a speech after which he put on a small act. As I knew the manager of the theatre, I met Wesley. And a very fine looking boy he is. As for "freckles," I saw none. In his speech on the stage he said that he guessed we'd wonder where his freckles were, but, owing to his working in the studio so much, they have disappeared.

I wish to tell of two others who appeared in our city in person. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. These two, of course, have not appeared on the screen for some years, but it is hoped that they will return. They put on an act called "The Poor Rich Man," in a vaudeville theatre. It was very fine. Here also I had the pleasure of meeting them personally. They both are very charming.

Hoping that I have furnished some interesting news for the readers of "Movie Weekly,"

I. M.

Why Not Co-Star Them?

I wish to commend Miss Oates for her suggestion in a recent "Movie Weekly" that Mary Pickford and Rodolph Valentino play the leading characters in "Romeo and Juliet."

It's a pity that such a combination is impossible. I am sure that the two actors could *never* come to an agreement as to this or any other picture. There would be that old question of whose name should go into the lights, and which one of the two should be starred.

Something should be done about such disagreements. Miss Pickford and Mr. Valentino are, undoubtedly, the two artists most capable of portraying *Juliet* and *Romeo*, respectively. Incidentally, they certainly look their parts.

PECEE DEE.

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

About Rodolph

Well, according to the rumor, it seems that Rodolph almost went back to work again for Famous Players—almost, but not quite. He tentatively agreed to return to work at his old salary of $1,250 a week—enough to keep the old wolf from peeking through the keyhole—but he would agree to work for them on only one condition, that June Mathis do all the cutting and editing of his film. June Mathis had been partly responsible for discovering him for "The Four Horsemen."

But she, it seems, now has a contract with Goldwyn for the continuity for "Ben Hur"—wherefore the rumors that perhaps Rodoph would play in that—so Rodolph's wishes could not be granted, and he is not to go back to work for Famous Players after all.

He Is Now Appearing in Person

Rodolph is now making personal appearances and is having bouquets thrown at him faster than he can dodge them—real bouquets, too, not just compliments.

In St. Louis, for instance, the women threw roses at him and embraced him. And Rodolph stood in the orchestra and gave his talk because the injunction against him prohibits his appearing professionally on the stage in this country.

But appearing on the stage is one thing and in the orchestra is something else again.

But Perhaps He'll Go Abroad

However, there are reports now that Rodolph and his wife will go to London in April and appear in the English edition of "The Music Box Revue." That's all very well for the English flappers, but how about the American girls he leaves behind him?

Has Cupid Got Marjorie Daw?

If Mary Miles Minter takes the prize for the greatest number of reported engagements, then Marjorie Daw is the runner-up. But so far, Marjorie has been able to plead not guilty to all such rumors. The latest accusation of the sort against her says that she is to marry David Selznick, but Marjorie says there's nothing in it.

"Dave is good company," said Marjorie, "but I don't expect to marry anybody at present."

But Marjorie's friends persist in speculating about her marital intentions. Probably they feel that anybody as good-looking as Marjorie is bound not to stay single. Dana Todd still seems to be in the running.

Another Screen Separation

It seems too bad that some of our best screen marriages should suddenly go to smash. Just the very couples that are pointed to with pride as being one of Hollywood's bright exceptions. First, Wanda and Burton Hawley surprised everyone by parting company, and now Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar are handing the screen colony another shock. They were one of the couples which Hollywood had been bragging about, and now the announcement comes out that they are to call it off.

Isn't it strange how appearances deceive us? When you think you have spotted a happy marriage, bingo—it's all off.

Oh, shucks, isn't anybody safely married?

Eva Gregory, Century Comedies, **poses for the old saying, "The back's the best part of a dear."**

Bull Says It With Shivers

Bull Montana is working in the frozen fastnesses—by the way, what are fastnesses?—of Truckee, California.

"I will be glad to get back to California," he writes home to the folks. "Everyone knows that cauliflower doesn't thrive in frozen weather, and my cauliflower ears are froze stiff."

Jacqueline Logan on Cupid's List

Well, Jacqueline Logan is the latest to decide to undertake matrimony, at least according to rumor. 'Tis said that she expects to marry Jack Nolan, a young college graduate of Colorado Springs. His father is a wealthy rancher.

Here's hoping he doesn't intend to take Jacqueline home to live on a ranch!

Thumbs Down—and Out

Cullen Landis broke his thumb—foolish of him, wasn't it? But accidents will happen, as Shakespeare or somebody said. It was Cullen's job, in making a picture for Vitagraph, to hit Al Boyd a tremendous whack on the head. He gave him the tremendous whack, all right, so tremendous, in fact, that Culen's thumb was turned under and broken.

I guess Cullen just forgot that some heads are harder than some thumbs.

Conrad Nagel's New Contract

It looks as if Conrad Nagel and Richard Dix had just decided to wear one another's shoes for awhile—not, of course, literally speaking. They don't even wear the same size.

But a little while ago Richard Dix was working hard at the Goldwyn studio and Conrad was working presumably just as hard at the Paramount studio. But now all is changed. One week Paramount announces that they have signed up Richard Dix and now Goldwyn tells the world that Conrad Nagel has signed a contract with them. So now Richard and Conrad change places.

But the latter still has one more picture to make for Paramount before his new contract begins, so he will soon begin on "Lawful Larceny."

He will make the picture in New York, so Conrad, Mrs. Conrad and Baby Ruth will soon be heading toward the skyscrapers.

Lois Wilson will play opposite him and she will see Broadway's gay white way for the first time, though her name in lights has glittered there often!

A Mean Role for Bert

Bert Lytell is to be "The Meanest Man in the World." Of course that's not true, literally, for Bert is a good scout, as the saying goes. But he is to play the title role in the screen version of the stage play.

Marion Aye will play opposite him.

A Darling of the Rich

(*Continued from page* 21)

paper it was written on. "The process is sound," the famous patent attorney had said, "but there is an identical process already in course of manufacture in England, which robs your father's invention of all monetary value."

So it was to be *Herself!*

Well, at the most and least, the Princess bore herself with a sacrificial ardor.

"Never," whispered the guests, watching her ascend the dais piled high with breathing orchids, "never has the Princess been so superbly beautiful!"

And high above them all, Charmion's most radiant face played cap and bells to her almost breaking heart.

She said without preamble: "I offer myself tonight to the highest bidder. The jewels and curios are almost gone. I have nothing of value sufficient unto my needs. I offer myself. Myself! well, gentlemen . . .?"

Hoarse voices rose in hoarse conflict. Michael Callahan cried, "Half a million!"

Charmion's painted lips curled into little red buds of scorn. She leaned far down from her dais and pointed one finger at Mason Lawrence, "Why don't *you* bid?" she cried. "Why are *you* still? Am I not worthy of at least a bid?"

Lawrence gave vent to a sound half disgust, half snapped endurance.

He elbowed the breathless crowd away and reached the platform. He climbed the throne, crushing the haughty orchids with his ruinous heels. "Take off that wig!" he said to her. "Drop this absurd disguise, this obnoxious artifice! Gentlemen," he faced the now stricken group, "this woman is not the Princess Blenkefsky! She is not a Russian! She is an American girl and her name is Charmion Winship!" He leaned over as he spoke and deftly and almost gently pulled the black wig from Charmion's head. The action released her own hair and she stood before the gasping crowd mantled in the downfall of her identity and her long locks.

She stretched forth her arms and sudden tears came to her luminous eyes. "It is true," she said, in a voice that was now her own, and tense with passion and pleading, "but the truth is more desperate than the fiction was. The truth is . . ."

AND THERE, with her hands held out to them, Charmion told the story that has been told, from beginning to end, until the sated men of wealth saw before their mind's eyes the old inventor, pitifully dead with all his dreams of grandeur incomplete; saw Aunt Jane, bent with years and worries and debts and bills; saw young Fred, standing with unsteady feet between temptations and lack of opportunity; saw the little sisters and the tiny, crippled child; and, hovering back and over them all, the gallant, bright Charmion, the golden, glamorous woman who stood before them, the patent useless, the valiant, gay game ended, defeated . . . still, endlessly beautiful . . .

When she had finished, she dropped her hands and stood quiet. Michael Callahan jumped forward and seized her hand, "By Heaven," he shouted, "you're a brave woman, a mighty brave woman, and I'll give a million dollars to be your husband any day and say no more about it!"

Peyton Martin reached the girl next and pushed Callahan aside, "One half of my fortune, Charmion," he said. "You *know* what that will mean!"

Charmion knew. She knew so well that the knowledge burned her like a flame. She turned to Michael Callahan and took his hand, "Thank you," she said, "I know that you are my friend," and then she turned back again to Peyton Martin. "I'll . . ." she started to speak to him, when a disturbance in the back of the room caught all attentions, and for an hour or so the more personal issue was forgotten.

The disturbance was caused by the entrance of detectives with the wily Welsh between them. Welsh, it appeared, was in reality the procurer of the "stolen goods," the curios in which Charmion had been dealing. And the real Princess Blenkefsky was actually a famous detective, who had been employed to keep her eyes upon Welsh, and who had seemed to fall in with his scheme for selling the curios and jewels in order to trace his source of supply. She had first thought to use Charmion as a tool, not being sure that the girl was not in league with Welsh as he had intimated, but association with Charmion had made her love her and believe in her, and she had seen to it that during the sales and various procedures Charmion was in no wise legally involved.

When Lawrence returned to the scene of the party, he found Charmion weeping, Peyton Martin looking threatening and a youth whom he recognied as Charmion's young brother looking grim and obdurate.

Charmion, it seemed, had told Peyton Martin that she could not go through with her "auction bargain." She could not marry him, even for half his fortune, even for Aunt Jane and the children. Pressed for her reason, she had admitted in the apathy of failure and despair that it was because she "loved another man."

AT THIS juncture, Peyton Martin had produced young Fred, who had finally fallen before the systematic temptations placed in his way by Martin and Martin's instructed associates.

"If you still refuse to marry me," Martin was saying, "not only will you be as poor as you were before you began your charming but unfortunate game, but your brother will be a jailbird . . ."

Fred Winship took a step toward his lovely, broken sister. Then and there his wavering manhood was born, definitely and for all time, born of his fright and despair. "I'd *rather* go to jail, Mr. Martin," he said, "than have my sister marry you!"

It was at this moment that Mason Lawrence burst into the room, despite the forcible attitudes of the footmen at the doors. He came straight over to Charmion and took her into his arms, and this time she lay over against him like a child who has somehow, through storm and stress and signals of despair, come unquestioningly home. Then, remembering Fred and his plight, she rose and pushed Lawrence away, but he would not be gainsaid. "Dearest," he said, oblivious of Peyton Martin's threatening attitude, "your little brother is doing a splendid thing. Don't interfere with him. If this man sends him to jail the doom will be upon *him.* Let Fred do this for you. It won't be done in vain."

For Charmion, the power to struggle was at an end. Lawrence took her from the room and placed her in his car and they drove slowly along the roads from which the stars seemed to gleam, reflected from the heavens. "Sweetheart," he whispered, "be happy tonight, for tomorrow all things will come straight. Look up! Look up!" He kissed her and lifted her beautiful face to the glory-sewn sky, "I can read it in the stars!" he said.

THE END.

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Beginning with the February-March issue of the *Metropolitan Magazine,* this publication will be issued by our publishing organization.

It is not our plan to make any definite changes in the publication. We will continue it as it has been issued heretofore, though we will endeavor to make it more alive, more interesting.

Our friends are asked to pass on this information and to recommend the *Metropolitan* under its new ownership. We are trying to make it the world's best fiction magazine and we invite every one of our readers to join our editorial staff. Secure a copy of the magazine, read it, and tell us what you think of it.

What Sort of Man Is Most Attractive to Me

(*Continued from page* 11)

eyes, "he must be above all a man who has worked and won things with his two bare hands—in the face of incredible obstacles. If he had done this, then I think—yes, I know that I could love him. Certainly I'd find him most attractive."

"But Miss Lee," we interposed, "wouldn't it really matter then what he looked like or whether he were young or old?"

Our fair informant leaned back on the canvas-covered studio armchair that was provided for her special use and bore the name "Lila Lee" lettered across the broad band that supported her back, and nodded thoughtfuly.

"Oh, he couldn't be too young," she added. "Although I find young people interesting, I couldn't love a man really unless he had come to what are considered the years of discretion—past twenty-five, anyway. And as for looks—well, I'd like him to be good-looking, for then other women would envy me, and that's what every woman wants, you know."

"Yes, I would like him to be tall and masculine with enough dignity to make men respect him, but with enough humor also to make them like him. And then, most of all, I should want him to be very much in love with me—in short, to think me the most wonderful girl in the world."

Jimmie Sees Adam and Eva

(*Continued from page* 13)

see them tryin' to milk a cow. Gee, it's a joke! They is so ignorant, they don' know how to turn the cow's faucets on. But this Adam is a mechanic and he shows them.

Eva goes to the city and hocks the Rolls-Royce for a Ford and a bushel of ten dollar bills. That gives the farm a start and they turns it into a regular payin' business.

Next, the old man comes back from South America and gets the shock of his life when he sees his whole family workin'. And Eva gives him the family jewels what she has been hidin' all the time, so's the old man can buy himself a new rubber mine and maybe start in business all over again, cause Eva thinks he is down and out. The old man gives them the merry ha, ha, cause he made a couple more million since he went away. Then he learns about the bluff what Adam pulled off. Eva kind of likes Adam by now, and so Lord Andy, being over sixteen years old, gets his walkin' papers. That's another bird out of the way.

POOR Adam is afraid Eva is goin' to can him cause he played such a trick on her, so he goes out in the water and sits on a rock talking to the frogs. But Eva likes him so she writes a note on a envelope and drops it in the water. In the movies they got everything and this is a trained envelope. It swims right over to Adam. When he reads it, he jumps off the rock into the water and runs after Eva. When he catches her he gives her one swell kiss. Gee, it was a dandy picture!

What Sort of Girl Is Most Attractive to Me

Continued from page 10)

tion and so on. Above all, she should not be whiny—have you ever noticed how many people have a sort of undercurrent of complaint in their voices? You know just by talking to them that their dispositions are unbearable."

"Most decidedly," I agreed.

"And my ideal girl must be sympathetic, and a good listener. All these things can be cultivated. And if a girl is all these things and eliminates any annoying mannerisms or expressions, she is very likely to be charming. There will be a certain depth of spirit shining through her eyes that makes beauty unnecessary, and a likable, pleasing manner will do the rest. Of course I might add that health is of especial importance, because without it a girl could scarcely have spirit and pep enough to be entirely charming."

"Then, on the whole," I said, "the girl who is attractive to you is one whom you consider charming in every way."

"That sums it up completely," he agreed, "because charm covers everything."

UNDER the COOPER-HEWITTS with The CAMERAMAN

LIGHTS . . . We hear. That Dr. Christian F. Reisner. The eminent divine. Has gone on record. Saying that churches. In order to meet the growing competition of the movies. Must advertise. Yes, sir. Must wage an extensive advertising campaign. Throughout the land. In order to interest the wayward spirits. Who are neglecting services. Well! We think this is laudable. For it never hurts folks to go to church. But wouldn't the end be as easily achieved. If the matter were considered. As a rival entertainment proposition? Pure and simple? There never was a movie. That was half such wonderful entertainment. As the Reverend Billy Sunday.

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HAROLD LLOYD. Has left the path of single blessedness. Taking with him by the hand. A little lady named Mildred Davis. The little lady. Is a former screen actress, it seems. Who in wedding the droll Harold. Will forsake the Kleigs and the Cooper-Hewitts. For all time. In explanation of her departure. From the land of illusion. Harold goes on record as saying. That he does not want a wife who works in films. Feeling that such an arrangement. Does not promise permanence. In the way he wishes it. Of wedded felicity. Well, whether Harold is right or wrong. We don't know. We only know. That if this were us. We would feel so, too.

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PETER B. KYNE. The well-known writer. Has hurled defiance. At the Lords of the Screenland. Denouncing the methods of the motion picture industry. As something that was not an art but a "cannery." Peter, it seems, was made exceedingly wroth. By the butchered versions of his yarns. That appeared. In pitiless relief. Upon the silversheet. Some of which we saw. Well! Writing for the movies. Is a different proposition. Than writing for the magazines. And although we consider Mr. Kyne's "Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning." The best short story of the war. We have never felt his yarns. Were particularly adaptable. To the screen.

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BURR McINTOSH. Who appears in "Driven." The Charles Brabin picture. That is being shown. At the Criterion Theatre. Delivers a monologue. Before each showing. In which he defends. The mountaineers. In their innocent pastime. Of making moonshine. Well, some years ago. We heard Burr McIntosh. Explain the momentous question. Of what becomes of all the old silk hats. He said that he had often wondered about this. And that it had never been thoroughly accounted for. To his entire satisfaction. Until he visited a certain West Coast city. And saw the committee. That met him at the train.

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KID McCOY. The erstwhile pugilist. Has been signed for a part. In "Ben Hur." The Goldwyn production. Where he will enact the role of a Roman gladiator. A part for which the Kid. Or Norman Selby. As his parents knew him. Is ably fitted. Well! We remember Kid McCoy. In the summer of 1908. When he refereed a baseball game at Childwold Park. In the Adirondacks. There was mixed company present. And a local bad man. Became incensed. At one of the Kid's. Decisions. But nothing happened. For the Kid looked the bad man in the eye. And whether there's power in eyeballs. Or not. We don't know. But the bad man. Didn't start anything.

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"BELLA DONNA." The Paramount screen version. Of the well-known novel. By Robert Hichens. Is nearing completion. At the Lasky studios. With Pola Negri. Enacting the role. Of the inscrutable Bella. And doing it splendidly. If all reports are entirely true. We recall "Bella Donna." As a stage play. Though not a particularly successful one, we think. It was some years ago. A dozen, maybe. And although the play itself. Left something to be desired. There was a quality in the work of its principal player. The stage Bella. Which moved us deeply. And made us think. What a wonderful thing the theatre is. Ah, well. The stage Bella was little known at the time. But we thought her wonderful. None the less and said so frequently. And that once, at least. We were not mistaken. The stage Bella's name. Was Alla Nazimova.

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CARL LAEMMLE. President of Universal. Has established a scholarship fund. In universities for undergraduates. Which will be known as the Laemmle Scholarship. The purpose of this endowment, be it known. Is to train the younger generation. In the art and technique of the screen. So that the movies of the future. Can have all the advantages. Of college training. A wise provision, Mr. Laemmle. There are some. Who need it. And they are not the undergraduates. Either.

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THE LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE. Has opened a strong campaign. 'Tis said. Against Sunday theatrical shows. In New York and New Jersey. Seeking to invoke legislation. That will serve to eliminate. The Sunday movie show. Well, the workings of some folks' minds are strange to us. What, we wonder. Would these Lord's Day Alliance gentlemen. Have us do on Sundays? Go home to our wives? But supposing we didn't. Like someone we know. Have any wife to go to. What then, gentlemen. Of the Lord's Day Alliance?

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THE OTHER NIGHT. We went to a dinner to Al Lichtman. A sumptuous affair. With many of the elements. Of regal magnificence. The dinner was given. In a private room. At the Ritz Carlton. Where all of Mr. Lichtman's friends. Had gathered together. To wish him farewell. On his journey abroad. It was a pleasant occasion. And a good time was had by all. Mr. Dannenberg of Film Daily. Made a humorous speech. And Harry Reichenbach said some things. That were amazingly clever. At least it seemed so. Through the aureate haze. Surrounding our table. When suddenly a lady entered. And bawled out the entire company. Accusing them of waste while poor men's wives were starving for bread to eat. Poor men's wives! Why, that is the title of an Al Lichtman picture. Well, well! We began to detect. The fine Italian hand. Of Harry Reichenbach.

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THE OTHER DAY. We attended a luncheon. Of "The Woman Pays Club." With Gladys Hall. In the Algonquin Hotel. On 44th Street. And there were mingled. For the first time in about a year. Both women and men. For, be it known. That "The Woman Pays Club." Is an organization. Exclusively of women. Glenn Hunter. Who was present. Slapped our hip. For concealed weapons. But we were not guilty. And there was singing of songs. And the reading of poetry. All of which was exceedingly pleasant. But the best feature of all. Was the payment of the score. By the lady hosts. Quite, one might add. As it should be.

At Last the Tall Girl Comes into Her Own

(*Continued from page* 19)

had we not seen lovely Alice Terry as the heart-broken Marguerite of "The Four Horsemen!" Whatever could have repaid us for missing Leatrice Joy's tensely emotional heroine of "Manslaughter!" And who could ever have taken the place of the mischievous-eyed Constance Talmadge in her dozens of comedies!

Another thing—we have found out that the grown-up sorrows and joys of the world are quite as absorbing as those of the Pollyannas. Katherine Williams, Irene Rich, Leah Baird, Clara Kimball Young, Pauline Frederick (though Miss Frederick is a little woman), Norma Talmadge—all these have brought fine mature roles to the screen which will never be forgotten.

Dorothy Phillips seems to be in a class by herself. While capable of playing the most finely genuine dramatic roles, she is still in melodrama. But we remember her in "The Doll's House," and we hope to see her once more in the psychological drama. However, she can make us believe even melodrama. Carmel Myers, too, another big girl, is coming back to her own.

BUT THERE is another odd reason for the bigger heroines. Some of our little stars insisted on growing up into big girls!

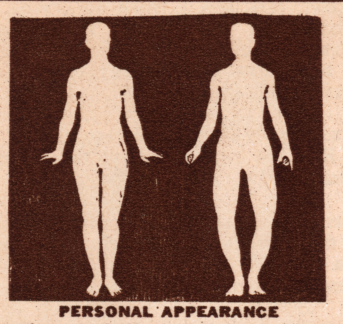
Take Lillian Gish, for instance. Lillian has grown several inches since first she charmed us in "The Birth of a Nation." Blanche Sweet is much taller than when she played "Judith." Jane Novak has added four inches to her height since she used to play ingenues, and three since she first started out to let Bill Hart rescue her. Colleen Moore started out as a five-footer, and is as tall as most of us now. Mary Miles Minter is completely grown up. Priscilla Dean measures three inches taller than when she began with Universal. Virginia Faire is no longer a tiny one. Betty Compson has added two inches and a half or maybe three inches since she was a comedy girl. And we didn't leave off liking Marjorie Daw just because she grew up into a fairly tall girl.

"Vanity Fair" Filmed

(*Continued from page* 12)

Fair" is completed, but other big productions are going on. Those who want a slice of Hollywood life are to get Rupert Hughes' screen version of his novel, "Souls for Sale." Von Stroheim is preparing for the work of filming "The Merry Widow," and promises to paint the story of that loveable creature in all the living colors of his own Vienna. Marshall Neilan has just finished "The Ingrate."

King Vidor joins the Goldwyn group of directors with "Three Wise Fools," for which he is casting at the present writing. "Three Wise Fools" ran eleven months on Broadway in the season of 1919. It is a wholesome, happy story of the type that Mr. Vidor does best. The original Broadway cast contained the names of Claude Gillingwater, Helen Menken and Harry Davenport. Of these, only Mr. Gillingwater has become a screen actor, so Mr. Vidor will have to select new types for his leading roles.



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When I Marry Again It Won't Be a Comedian

(*Continued from page* 7)

marriage and has failed. She aspires perhaps to the ethereal fragile poet soul as her ultimate mate, but in the meantime she stands firmly on the earth looking ahead to her return to the screen in a better picture than she has heretofore had.

"I am coming back to vaudeville when my screen engagement is over. William Rapf, who is producing 'The Fog,' is going to spend about $100,000 on the picture. Paul Powell is to be the director and it will take about two months in all to make. At the end of that time, I am going to return to resume my work on the stage."

Obviously, Mildred Harris has been tested in the fire of experience, and she has emerged a better, saner woman. Furthermore, she has dropped forever the label "Mrs. Charlie Chaplin".

"I am to be starred simply as Mildred Harris," she told me. "I don't need Charlie's name to carry me through."

Perhaps in the distant future, Mildred Harris will find the affinity that Charlie Chaplin was not; but, for the present, she isn't bothering her head about affinities. She is worrying rather about her interpretation of her role in "The Fog."

A good sign this that "The Fog," starring Mildred Harris, will be an excellent picture.

What the Extra Girl Must Expect in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 18)

aid your stumbling feet over the first rocks of failure and discouragement.

After all, you alone can answer the question as to your ultimate success or failure. If you have talent, will persevere and maintain the traditions of honor that your parents have striven to teach you at home, if you look ahead always to the ultimate goal and don't allow yourself to be discouraged by disappointments or to be coaxed from the path you have laid out for yourself, there is no reason why you, Miss Average Girl, should not succeed in pictures.

"I Cried and the Director Hugged Me

(*Continued from page* 9)

Indeed, the very variety and evanescence of these expressions have proved a source of despair to her directors, who have tried to have her hold them on occasion for re-takes.

"Well," she continued, "after a week of it, one day Mr. Cabanne turned to me and said wearily:

"'Now, little girl, we'll do you. You are the daughter of this man and your father is scolding you for something you've done. You must appear to be very sorry for it. Can you look sorry?'

"I nodded and said I thought I could, and the lights went on and the camera began to turn. The actor who was supposed to be my father was berating me terribly and when he finished I just looked at him and burst into tears.

"When I did this, Mr. Cabanne gave a shout and came over and put his arms around me.

"'Why, you wonderful little actress!' he exclaimed and just hugged me.

"I smiled at him through my tears and he almost danced with enthusiasm.

"'That's wonderful!' he cried. 'See if you can't do it again!'"

SO CLARA cried again and still again, for it is a remarkable fact that this extraordinary little lady can weep at will, turning on the tears, as it were, about as readily as we turn a water faucet.

"But it's hard to cry four or five times in succession," she complained sweetly. "Especially when there's a lot of hammering going on in the studio. I can't feel the part I'm playing nearly so well when there's a lot of noise."

Miss Bow's appearance in "Beyond the Rainbow" was followed by her engagement to play the tiny girl stowaway in "Down to the Sea in Ships," a role in which she is thoroughly delightful to watch. Her future? Well, it is a bright one, we prophesy. For Clara Bow possesses something which is quite unique on the screen—a personality that is *different*. And we predict that she will go far.

Why Temptations Beset Screen Stars

(*Continued from page* 3)

that, and the answer is that if temptations beset the paths of the screen stars, the stars jolly well have to *fight the temptations if they would remain securely upon the Milky Way.*

"You can't combine the two. Look at poor Wally Reid . . . he didn't last long or *look* long, either, after he had begun to dissipate in earnest.

"Girls on the screen have to sleep well and live well if they want to look well, and as to look well is three-quarters of the battle, the rest is easy!

"That's all I know about temptations . . . if you meet 'em, fight 'em!"

Facts About Your Favorite

Harry Carey has melons for breakfast every morning off his own ranch.

Jimmie Morrison is learning to play the flute but so far there have been no casualties.

Ramon Novarro (he used to be Samaniegos) gave music lessons when he first came to Los Angeles. He is a graduate of a Mexican college. At one time he and his family were refugees from the depredations of Pancho Villa.

William S. Hart owns a fine collection of paintings on Indian subjects by Remington and others.

Leatrice Joy is a great reader. She always keeps abreast of the new books.

Bebe Daniels has a phonograph in her dressing room. She turns it on when making up, saying it helps her to get into mood for her scenes. She plays the piano nicely, and loves dreamy music. She has a nice voice, and has sung in public, especially at benefits.

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A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

BEFORE AFTER

ANITA - *The Genuine* - NOSE ADJUSTER

PATENTED

The ANITA Co., Dept. 856, ANITA Building, Newark, N. J.

An ill-shaped nose is like a wild-growing or broken-down branch of a tree. It must be supported to give strength and perfect shapeliness. The ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER does that for you. If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. No need for costly, painful operations. Anita Nose Adjuster SHAPES WHILE YOU SLEEP—QUICKLY, PAINLESSLY, PERMANENTLY AND INEXPENSIVELY. There are inferior imitations, but the ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL nasal supporter highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Self-adjustable. No screws. No metal parts. GENTLE, FIRM and PERFECTLY COMFORTABLE. SEND NO MONEY. Write today for FREE book, "Happy Days Ahead," and our blank to fill out for sizes. Return blank to us and your nose adjuster can be paid for when it reaches you.

She Is No Longer Fat

She found a way to reduce her fat. It was a way far more pleasant than dieting or exercising would have been. This new way allowed her to eat foods without danger of becoming fat again.

She found *Marmola Prescription Tablets*. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They help Nature to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are made from the famous Marmola prescription. Thousands have found that these handy tablets give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY

423 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexian that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE, LIMITED

Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00

206 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

Moles HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up. Write for free booklet giving full particulars

Wm. Davis, M.D., 124 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N.J.

Film Flashes

Their Dreams

By Grace Kingsley

FOREWORD:

(There's one realm where we're all free and equal—the greatest democracy known to humanity—the land of dreams! And it's a land where everybody goes—rich and poor, clever and stupid, old and young—it's free to us all. Sometimes dreamland is a land of wonders, where we solve problems, find the loved and lost one, receive prophecies of what is to happen to us. The picture stars, in common with all the rest of us, have dreamed their dreams, have wandered through the mystic realms, and some of their dreams have been wonderfully true or wonderfully helpful. We pretend no psycho-analysis in this, only—isn't it odd what dreams we do have sometimes?)

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: I've heard of dreams where life problems were solved and leading to the finding of lost articles, but I never had any such helpful experiences. I always had to think things out for myself, advice of friends was usually misleading, and if I lost anything it simply stayed lost. I had just one odd dream. That was when I was a boy. I had a shilling and wondered and wondered how I should spend my wealth. I dreamed that I bought a whole land full of wonders with it, at a little shop nearby. The dream was so strong that I went to the shop next day. There I found a lot of second-hand books. One of them was Dickens' "Christmas Carols." I bought it, and the stories did indeed open a whole magic world to me. I kept the book and read and re-read it until it was worn out. It was one of the greatest treasures of my boyhood.

BUSTER KEATON: I dreamed when I was a kid once of finding buried treasure. Walking down the street of a little town with my head bent seeking for signs, I butted plump into a cop. He gave me a box on the ear for my impertinence, and all the good the dream ever did me was that I used the idea in a gag in one of my comedies. But it wasn't a very good gag at that.

RICHARD DIX: With so many psycho-analysts lurking around behind the fences, I would be afraid to tell you my dreams. Tell a psycho that you've dreamed about a poultry farm, and he'll tell it all over town that you're a chicken chaser. Tell him that you dreamed about ships, and he'll swear you have a bootlegger who supplies you with schooners of beer. But I'll admit I have dreamed about storms lots of times, and now I'm to play John Storm in "The Christian," so maybe the psycho chaps are right, after all.

MAY MCAVOY: I really did have one wonderful experience in dreams. When I was reading Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel," I dreamed I was that child. I wept with her and loved "Sentimental Tommy," too, and I woke up crying. Maybe the poignancy of that dream really helped me to understand the poor little heroine when I came to play her. I've always cherished the feeling that it was so.

COLLEEN MOORE: I always dream about dolls. (N. B.—The psycho-analyst will have to help out on that one!)

HELENE CHADWICK: I dream music. I hear the most marvelous, original compositions, but when I wake up, they are vanished. I cannot remember them at all.

CULLEN LANDIS: I dream about hunting and fishing. My dreams would make a good scenic if they could be screened.

MARY PICKFORD: When I was a child actress out on the road, I used to worry about Jack and whether he was wearing his winter flannels and about Lottie's rubbers when it rained. I used to dream about it, but without result. There wasn't so very much money in the house, and mother wrote to me once that she had lost some. I dreamed that night that she had found it in a little box under the kitchen sink. I wrote home about it, so strong was the impression. Mother wrote back: "Mary, you're a bum dreamer. I didn't find the money where you said, but I did find the ring Lottie lost a year ago. She's so glad that she sends you a hug and a kiss and says for you to dream on."

THEODORE KOSLOFF: My life seems to have been more or less controlled by my dreams, that is, since I was a youth of twenty. Before that my father made me work so hard that I got so tired I never dreamed at all, but fell dead asleep the minute my head touched the pillow. When I was twenty, I went to see a troup of dancers, and that night I dreamed that I was a dancer. I thought and thought about it all day, and afterward went into the business. Later I dreamed of being a musician, and took up the study of the violin, playing in a Moscow theatre for four years. I dreamed of America, and came. And am glad that I did.

GLADYS WALTON: It was in response to a dream that I left off playing in bathing comedies. You know I was a champion swimmer at one time, then I went into comedies with Fox. One night I dreamed that I was drowning—it was frightfully vivid. I struggled and called for help, but no one came. I woke in a cold perspiration, and next day I went to hunt for an engagement in the drama. As it happened, I got one right away with Universal, and never have had to do any water scenes since. And I don't want to, if I can help it.

PRISCILLA DEAN: I saw the face of my husband in a dream before ever I had met him. I thought and thought about him next day, as girls will. I met him about two months afterward, and we fell in love at once.

WANDA HAWIEY: I'm very fond of music, and have studied the piano ever since I was a child. When I'm falling asleep I often hear music, but never, except once, have I been able to recall it. I played it next day, and have since gone seriously about its composition. I call the piece "Dream Waltz," and may publish it some day.

HERBERT RAWLINSON: I dreamed one night in Chicago, before I went into pictures, of being killed in a gun fight. It was all very lurid. Next night I was taking a walk, when I was held up. My dream came back to me, and gave me extra strength and courage, I guess. Anyhow, I knocked the gun out of the fellow's hand—I wouldn't have the nerve to do that nowadays!—and found that the weapon wasn't loaded! I turned the poor nut loose, and the dream did me this much good—I've never been afraid of dreams since.

MARIE PREVOST: I dreamed one night that everybody was talking about me. They were whispering as I went by, and pointing their fingers at me. Within the week I received a letter from an author of a short story in "Munsey's," telling me that I was the original of the author's heroine.

PATSY RUTH MILLER: I never dream. I sleep as sound as a rock.

An Announcement!

An attempt is to be made to establish a new American long-run theatrical record with

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"

now playing at the Cort Theatre in New York City.

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES" opened in New York on November 13, 1922, and the only variation in the weekly returns has been in the amount of standing room sold. **All performances are absolutely capacity.**

It is, however, the extent of the advance sale and the character of the audiences that have led the management to believe that the play has **more than a fair chance**

TO BREAK ALL EXISTING RECORDS

The ticket sale extends for months ahead, and the play is already assured of a summer run to capacity, with another season certain to follow. Moreover, the wide range of the audiences—they include all kinds of theatre-goers, from children to old people and from sophisticated play-goers to those who see one play a year—indicates that "MERTON OF THE MOVIES" is a play of the **widest possible appeal.**

The management accordingly feels that a two-year run is assured, but it believes that the play

CAN BE MADE TO RUN FOUR OR FIVE YEARS

if the country as a whole is awakened to it. Why not? "Lightnin'" ran three years in New York and could have stayed longer. "Chu Chin Chow" ran five years in London—a world's record.

It is to arouse this necessary **nation-wide interest** in "MERTON OF THE MOVIES" that this advertisement is being printed.

12 AGENTS WANTED SCATTERED THRU AMERICA

Accordingly, 12 agents are wanted—12 live-wire publicity agents, scattered through the United States and Canada—1 in New England, 1 in the Middle Atlantic States, 2 in the South, 2 in the Middle West, 2 between the Mississippi and the Rockies, 2 on the Pacific Coast, and 2 in Canada.

APPOINTMENT OF AGENTS AND THEIR DUTIES

The constant duty of these agents will be to spread broadcast the fame of "MERTON OF THE MOVIES"; to make the name a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land; to kindle and keep alive the interest of theatre-goers everywhere so that no one who comes to New York can afford to miss the opportunity of seeing the play.

No professional dramatic reviewer is eligible for one of these jobs—for obvious reasons.

Anyone else, man or woman, may qualify as an applicant for one of the agencies by sending to **GEORGE C. TYLER, 214 West 42nd Street, New York City,** stories and articles that he or she has written and that, when published, will tend to advertise and compel attention to "MERTON OF THE MOVIES."

ALL ACCEPTABLE STORIES TO BE PAID FOR

All such stories or articles, if accepted, will be paid for by **MR. TYLER** at a most liberal rate. Stories not found acceptable will be returned to the writers.

On June 1st the agents for each of the sections of the country named will be selected from among the applicants, the choice depending entirely upon the merit of the stories or articles submitted.

GENEROUS SALARIES PROMISED

The agents finally appointed will be placed on the payroll of the company at unusually generous salaries based on the work done and the importance of the territory to be covered. Each agent will be expected to begin immediately an active campaign to obtain publicity for **"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"** in the newspapers of his or her territory and to otherwise in every way possible attract the widest possible attention to the play. The agent will be required, of course, to provide evidence that he, or she, is so employed by sending to **MR. TYLER** clippings of whatever he, or she, may have printed and by making frequent reports to **MR. TYLER.**

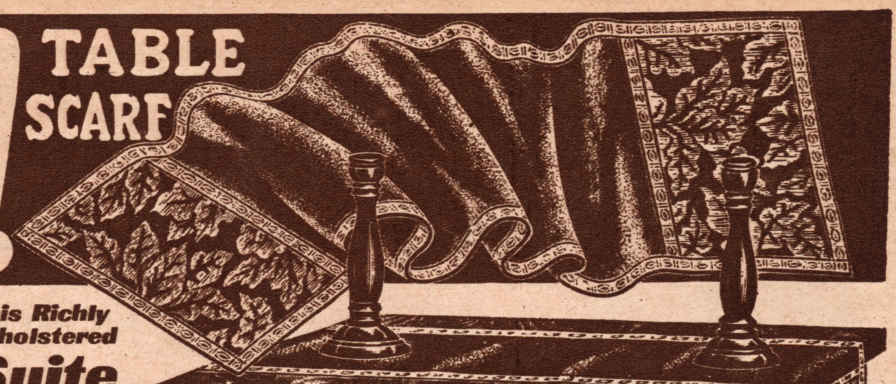
Data, photographs and information of all kinds that will assist in the preparation of articles will be furnished on application to **MR. TYLER.**

Harry Leon Wilson's famous novel, upon which Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly have based the play, can be found in any public library and a special de luxe theatre edition, illustrated with scenes from the play, issued by Doubleday, Page and Co., is now on sale in bookshops all over the United States.

Geo. C. Tyler **Hugh Ford**

Owners and Managers of "MERTON OF THE MOVIES"

FREE! TABLE SCARF



$1 BRINGS This Richly Upholstered 8-Piece Suite

Quarter-Sawed and Solid Oak —Chairs Have Spring Seats

Yes, only $1 brings this splendid suite of library, living room or parlor furniture—8 splendid, massive pieces—large table, with 36x23-inch top, arm chair, arm rocker, straight chair and sewing rocker, waste basket and 2 candlesticks. With it you get a beautiful Table Scarf FREE. Use the furniture and scarf for 30 days on free trial. Then if not satisfied, return the goods and we will refund your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

Over a Year to Pay!

If you keep it, pay a little monthly. The suite is of quarter-sawed and solid oak in rich fumed finish. Rockers and chairs have cut-out panels, spring seats and padded construction. Upholstered in durable imitation Spanish brown leather. Shipped (fully boxed, "knocked down" to lessen freight charges) from factory in Central Indiana or Chicago warehouse.

Order by No. 105EMA21. Price $38.95.
Send $1 now. Balance $3 monthly.
Table Scarf is FREE!

Handsome Fumed Finish

FREE Beautiful Velour Table Scarf

We want to prove that Hartman's prices and terms are the most liberal ever known. That is why we make this extra inducement. A handsome table scarf ABSOLUTELY FREE. **Rich blue velour, 48x16 inches, 6-inch panels at ends of floral tapestry. Antique gold braid binding.**

SEND For HARTMAN'S Big 368-Page Bargain Catalog—FREE

This great 368-page book offers the world's greatest bargains in **furniture, rugs, silverware, dishes, kitchenware, etc., also farm machinery**—all sold on easy payment terms and 30 days' free trial.

368 Page Book FREE

Wonderful Gifts

Catalog explains how you can get absolutely FREE many valuable articles for which you would pay high prices at stores. Beautiful **Glassware, Lemonade Sets, Silverware, Tablecloths, Napkins** and other elegant and useful articles given FREE with purchases. Send for it today.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

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Enclosed find $1 as first payment. Send the 8-piece Living Room Suite No. 105EMA21 and with it, absolutely FREE, the beautiful Table Scarf, all as described. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, will ship all back and you will return my $1 and pay freight both ways. If I keep it, I will pay $3 monthly on the suite alone until the full price, $38.95, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

30 Days' Free Trial

Name _____ Occupation _____

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No. _____

Post Office _____ State _____

If your shipping point is different from your post office, fill in line below.

Send shipment to _____

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U.S. OFFICIALS PROBE FILM MAGNATES' LIVES

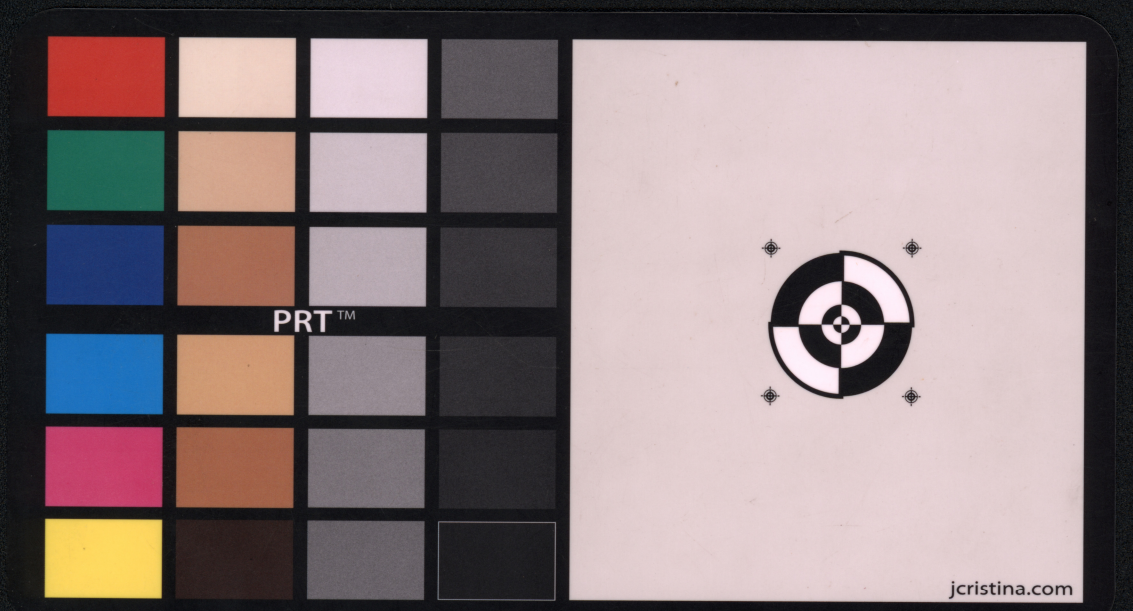
MOVIE WEEKLY

MARCH 17, 1923 TEN CENTS

Why Temptations Beset Screen Stars
By Mabel Normand

The Girl Most Attractive to Me
By Eugene O'Brien

ANN PERDUE
Photo by GRENBEAUX



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